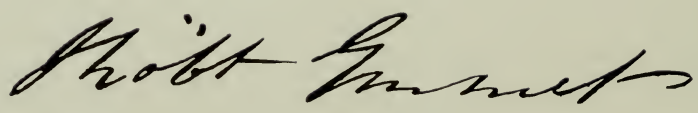
FOOTPRINTS OF EMMET

IRISH 1798 COLLECTION



THE ORIGINAL DRAWING OF ROBERT EMMET, TAKEN AT THE TRIAL, BY COMERFORD

Now in the possession of Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

Reproduced, by permission, from "The Emmet Family."

Footprints of Emmet

J. J. REYNOLDS

Fifty Illustrations in Half-tone, including reproductions from the Author's Photographs as well as several Plates from "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D., New York (by permission)

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PREFACE

The writer having, in view of the Emmet Centenary, prepared a series of photographs of places, etc., with which the name of Emmet is associated, considered that it might not be inappropriate that they should be accompanied by a short narrative sketch that would serve the purpose of explaining them. With this object he has collated from authoritative sources, as comprehensively as circumstances permitted, the authenticated facts of the young patriot's life story. He has endeavoured, at the same time, to make this little volume something more than a mere compilation, and trusts that it presents features sufficiently original to justify its appearance in conjunction with the many excellent biographies that have already appeared.

In preparing the book the writer has of necessity drawn largely upon the materials supplied by Dr. R. R. Madden, whose arduous labours have preserved to us so much that relates to the 1798-1803 periods; and to whom we are undoubtedly indebted for almost all that is known of Robert Emmet.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, grandson of the celebrated leader of the United Irishmen of the same name, and grand-nephew of Robert Emmet, continued the researches of Dr. Madden. His investigations have confirmed many of the facts adumbrated by Dr. Madden's statements, and have thrown a flood of light on the mysterious circumstances underlying the Insurrection of 1803, particularly with regard to its actual *origin* and the real part played by its devoted and ill-fated leader.

Dr. Emmet embodied the result of his investigations in his monumental work, *The Emmet Family*, a valuable historical record, printed in 1898. This interesting work, which was issued in a form that makes it one of the most beautiful and artistically produced books issued in America in recent years, was intended for merely family purposes, and only a limited number of copies were printed. Consequently it remained comparatively unknown until the approach of the Emmet Centenary year brought some of the facts it contained more prominently forward.

In compiling the present sketch the writer has made full use of Dr. Emmet's valuable work, and has drawn upon it to an extent which would not be justified had the book been published for general circulation and otherwise available.

The writer was enabled to submit the present short sketch to Dr. Emmet before publication. The author of *The Emmet Family* was kind enough to read the MS., and expressed the opinion that "from an historical standpoint the facts are correctly stated in accord with our present knowledge."

Dr. Emmet was good enough to permit the writer to utilize several of the illustrations in his work. Consequently he is enabled to reproduce in photographic facsimile, for the first time in Ireland, several unique and interesting plates from *The Emmet Family*, many of which were obtained by Dr. Emmet under exceptionally difficult circumstances.

The writer has supplemented Dr. Emmet's valuable pictures by some thirty additional photographs. Amongst these the pictures of "The Priory" originally appeared in the New York *Gael*, but are again reproduced by permission of the Editor, Mr. S. J. Richardson.

The writer begs to take the present opportunity of expressing his indebtedness to Sir Henry L. Harty, Coroner for the County of Dublin, for facilities afforded him in photographing the historic house and grounds of "Casino." To Mr. Deane C. Taylor, of "The Priory," Rathfarnham, for similar permission. To Mr. T. W. Lyster, M.A., Librarian of The National Library of Ireland, for the opportunity afforded of copying some scarce prints, etc., in the Library, including two original portraits from the Joly Collection ; and also to Mr. W. G. Strickland, Registrar of The National Gallery of Ireland, for permission to photograph the Emmet death mask in the Gallery.

The book has been printed by a Dublin firm : the materials used are as far as possible of Irish manufacture. All the photo-blocks have been made by Mr. Thomas FitzPatrick, of 6, Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin, who has reproduced the original photographs with the greatest care and exactness.

As a century has elapsed since the events herein narrated took place, the writer, in the present sketch of the great patriot's career, has treated them with the freedom which appertains to the discussion of events that have long since fallen into the natural perspective of history. The fame of Robert Emmet is now secure even from partisan prejudices or political prepossessions. In the words of D'Arcy Magee his reputation is "safe beyond the reach of calumny, or party zeal, or time's changes," and we may unreservedly adopt the motto quoted by Dr. Madden :—

"Speak of me as I am—
Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

J. J. R.

March, 1903.

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FOOTPRINTS OF EMMET

Amongst the many circumstances which contributed to earn for the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen the deservedly high place which they hold in the national history must be reckoned the fact that they were mainly recruited from a class which, in a marked degree, enjoyed an immunity from the grievances and disabilities which pressed upon the people generally. Some of the more prominent leaders enjoyed the privileges attached to hereditary rank and the protection afforded by a favoured creed. In many cases their purely personal interests were identified with the predominant faction, who controlled all sources of advancement. Had they been influenced by merely personal considerations, or lacked "gall to make oppression bitter," they would have enjoyed all the advantages which an alliance with the party of ascendancy could bestow; but, to their eternal credit it is recorded, they rose superior to class prejudices or selfish interests, and staked life and fortune in an effort to ameliorate the condition of their humbler compatriots.

The principles and methods of the United Irishmen have always been favourite objects of attack with anti-Irish writers and with those who accept the verdict of the latter on questions of national history. The leaders of the organization are described as men tainted with Jacobinical principles, rebels to lawful authority, and foes to religion; as men of degraded character, with no influence or standing in society, who in pursuit of the most selfish ambitions recklessly incited their countrymen to revolt.

But an inquiry into the personal character of the men who controlled the organization, and an honest investigation of the causes which conspired to drive the United Irishmen to revolt, exposes the injustice of their traducers. The testimony of their contemporaries proves the United Irishmen to have been in private life men of unblemished reputation, while in public they earned the respect of their fellow-citizens by their sterling qualities and inflexible principles.

The only latitudinarianism of which they could be accused was an attempt to bring to the conduct of public affairs a broad-minded spirit of toleration, which would unite all classes and creeds of their countrymen on a common basis of nationality—the course most feared by their opponents, and one, which, if pursued, promised to make their demand for redress irresistible.

In conformity with the original Declaration and Resolutions drawn up by Wolfe Tone (with Neilson, the co-founder of the Society), the organization was at first conducted on purely constitutional lines. It aimed at "a cordial union among all the people of Ireland;" a complete and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament; and anticipated the demand for Catholic Emancipation to which the more conservative of the Patriot Party were opposed, by

declaring that "no reform is just which does not include Irishmen of every religious persuasion."

The leaders did not despair of obtaining redress by constitutional means until they found the integrity of Parliament sapped by the most sinister methods of corruption, and witnessed the advent of what Grattan described as "an incipient and creeping union," brought about by means which nullified all attempts at peaceful reform. The history of the period amply testifies that the miseries which the people were compelled to endure at the hands of those in power were, apart from all other considerations, more than sufficient justification for armed resistance. Even from Englishmen who were entirely opposed to their aims, it is possible to obtain an acknowledgment of the grievances which drove the United Irishmen to revolt. The Whig Lord Holland who could not be accused of undue partiality towards Ireland, writing of the '98 insurrection says :— "The country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies our times have witnessed. He who thinks a man can be even excused in such circumstances by any other consideration than that of despair, from opposing a pretended government by force, seems to me to sanction a principle which would ensure impunity to the greatest of all human delinquents, or, at least, to those which produced the greatest misery among mankind."

The United Irishmen sought to ameliorate the condition of the submerged millions who comprised the Irish *nation*, rather than to secure the privileges or increase the power of the English colony who controlled the legislature. In pursuit of this object they displayed a singleness of purpose, a disinterestedness and a self-sacrificing devotion to the principles of civil and religious liberty which appear all the more commendable when the sordid and materialistic aims of the oligarchy to whom they were opposed is considered. The lapse of years has not tarnished, but rather added fresh lustre to their reputation ; the revelations that time has since brought forth cannot be said to have done so much for their opponents.

There is, perhaps, in all Irish history, no name which touches the Irish heart like that of Robert Emmet—the youngest and last of the United Irishmen. Amongst that brilliant group there is none whose personality has so impressed the popular imagination, or whose memory is preserved with a greater or more especial tenderness. His brief life-story, filled as it is with romantic incident and shadowed by a tragedy of infinite pathos, is probably better known to the majority of his countrymen than that of many who more vitally affected their country's destiny by the greatness of their achievements. Yet it is not at all surprising that this peculiar interest in his memory should be preserved with a force that the lapse of a century has done nothing to efface. His extreme youth ; his extraordinary mental endowments—of surpassing promise, and ever subservient to a passionate love of country ; the transparent purity of the motives which actuated him ; his enthusiastic devotion to the cause for which he staked his life, and the indomitable fortitude with which he withstood the final catastrophe, were all circumstances calculated to awaken the sympathies of his countrymen. To a tragedy of surpassing sadness the romantic circumstances of his ill-fated attachment supplied that human element which makes the whole world kin.

DR. ROBERT EMMET (FATHER OF ROBERT EMMET.)
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

CHRISTOPHER TEMPLE EMMET.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

ANNE WESTERN TEMPLE EMMET.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D , New York.

His famous death-speech—the swan-song of a great soul, at once a vindication of his life's purpose, and a last appeal to the judgment of posterity, delivered under circumstances well calculated to appal the bravest of mankind—has in itself gone far towards immortalizing his memory.

His was a spirit of antique mould—perhaps of too exalted and subtile a type for the usages of "this harsh world," or the resolution of great conceptions into the realm of action—and belonged rather to the heroic and classic age from which he drew his inspirations than to the prosaic world of modern times. Even those most opposed to his aims have never questioned his sincerity and the purity of his motives; or withheld a tribute of sorrow to the memory of one possessed of so many rare gifts and noble qualities—overthrown in the first flower of youth and genius. By millions of his countrymen he has been accepted as the type of purest patriotism. Throughout the world his name must ever hold an honoured place amongst those of the noblest who have suffered for oppressed humanity.

The Emmet family have been traced back in Ireland to the reign of Charles I.; but probably the date of their original settlement in the country must be referred to a still earlier period. Documentary evidence is in existence which goes to show that members of the family were settled in Ireland towards the earlier part of the seventeenth century; and subsequently, in four different counties, viz., Kildare, Limerick, Waterford, and Tipperary. Through intermarriage with the old families of the country, the descendants of the original settlers may he said to have become "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Elizabeth Mason, who became the wife of Dr. Emmet an mother of Robert Emmet, sprang from a family resident in Kerry. Amongst her ancestors are to be found some of the oldest Irish families, of which may be mentioned the Powers, O'Haras, McLoughlins.

Dr. Robert Emmet, father of Robert Emmet, was born in Tipperary, 29th November, 1729. During his earlier years he was established as a medical practitioner in the city of Cork. He is said to have arrived in Dublin in 1770. His name appears for the first time in the Dublin directories in 1771. He is therein described as "State Physician," and his address is given as Molesworth-street. He is stated to have proceeded to Dublin at the request of his kinsman, Earl Temple, Marquess of Buckingham, who was afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782-3 and 1787-90.* After some years he changed his address to the large double house, 109-110 Stephen's-green, West, which stands at the corner of Glover's-alley. The house, which is now known as 124-125 Stephen's-green, West, is close to the College of Surgeons, from which it is separated by the alley.

Dr. Emmet changed his residence about the period of the birth of his celebrated son Robert, and consequently some uncertainty prevails as to whether the latter was born in Molesworth-street or at Stephen's-green, West. This, in a large degree, may have arisen from the fact that a discrepancy exists on this head between the two Dublin directories of the period.

* The original warrant appointing Dr. Emmet to the position of State Physician is to be found in the "Book of Records," entitled "Lord Townshend's Civil Affairs, 1767-1770," folios 281-282, preserved at the Public Record Office of Ireland, Four Courts, Dublin. It is dated "28th day of February, 1770."

In "The Gentleman's and Citizen's Almanack," by Samuel Watson, for 1776, and also in "Wilson's Dublin Directory" for the same year, Dr. Emmet's residence is given as Molesworth-street. In Watson's directory, 1777 and 1778, the address is still given as Molesworth-street, and for 1779 (by an obvious error) as Stephen's-green, *South*. But in Wilson's directory for 1777, and for every subsequent year down to 1796, the address is given as 109 Stephen's-green. The fact of the doctor's name appearing in any directory as early as 1777, at an address at which he is known to have lived subsequently for many years, should certainly prove that he was living there at the time of Robert Emmet's birth, 4th March, 1778. Robert Emmet's name appears on the Baptismal Registry of St. Peter's Church, Aungier-street, the church of the parish in which Stephen's-green, West, is situated, under the date 10th March, 1778—a circumstance which would tend to confirm the opinion that Robert Emmet was born at the house on Stephen's-green.

In "The Emmet Family" the author states: "Dr. Emmet leased a house in Molesworth-street on first settling in Dublin, but which one could never be determined, as the houses in that street were not numbered until long afterwards. In 1777 he purchased a large house at the corner of Stephen's-green, West, and Lamb's-lane.

"Robert Emmet, junior, was born in the Molesworth-street house, and it was just after his birth that the family moved to Stephen's-green. On the marriage of his son Thomas, the doctor divided the house, by a partition wall, into two separate dwellings, keeping the corner house for himself. His son took possession of the inside one, and there his children were born.* After the arrest of Thomas Addis Emmet old friends and acquaintances drifted away, in consequence of the family troubles, so that these houses were rented, and the family sought retirement in their country place."

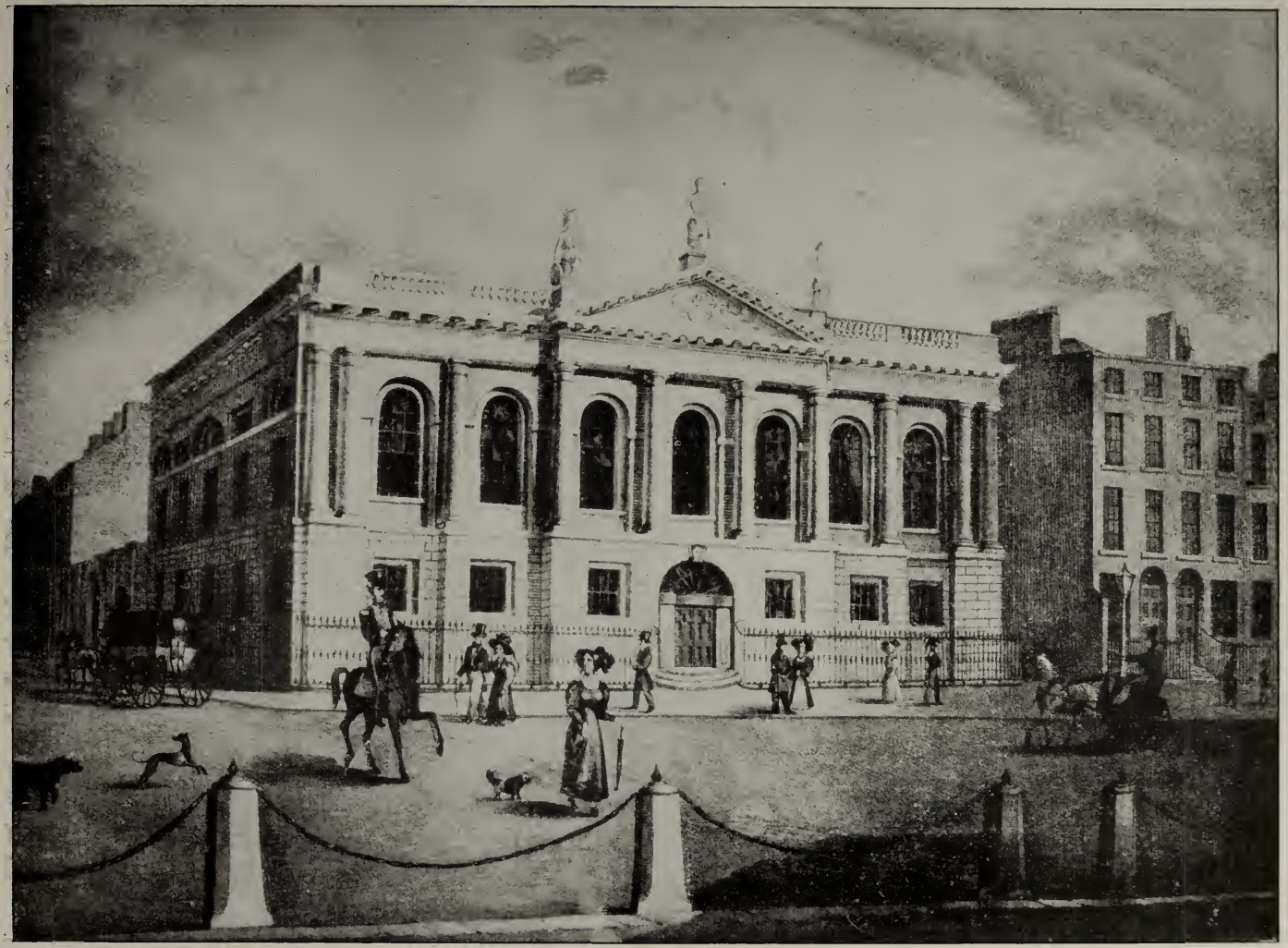
From the year 1796 Dr. Emmet's address is given as Stephen-street. In his latter years he resided at "Casino," which is situated at the corner of Bird-avenue, Milltown, a few miles outside the city.

In a recent communication from Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, regarding the subject of Robert Emmet's birthplace, the author of "The Emmet Family" states that "he learned from Dr. Madden that old Dr. Emmet had his office in the Stephen's-green house *some time* before the family removed from Molesworth-street, which event did not take place until after the birth of Robert Emmet."

Dr. Emmet took a prominent part in the politics of the Pre-Union days, and wrote many pamphlets on the political questions of the period. It is a noteworthy fact that all the members of his family who reached maturity were distinguished for remarkable talents combined with an exalted love of country. His daughter, Mary Anne Emmet (Mrs. Holmes), was a classical scholar of considerable attainments. She wrote several tracts of great power and vigor, and is described as possessing a "profound knowledge of political economy, a familiarity with history, and the body

* The writer has learned from the owner that there is no evidence to show that the houses now standing are not the original ones occupied by Dr. Emmet. Any changes which have taken place have been made in the frontage and part of the interior only. The two houses are divided by a light partition wall, and the traces of a closed-up doorway are still to be seen in the upper storeys.

MOLESWORTH-STREET, DUBLIN. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.



COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.
(From an old print.)

Residence of Dr. Emmet.

politic, gained after careful reading, and to an extent few public men of the day possessed." She, too, shared the destiny which seemed in an especial manner marked out for her family—already called upon to make so many sacrifices on the altar of patriotism. Her husband, Robert Holmes, was arrested shortly after Robert Emmet's insurrection, and, without trial, detained a year in Dublin Castle. Suddenly meeting him at the door on his return home, and overcome with joy at his unexpected release, she fell dead in his arms. Her daughter, Mrs. E. Lenox Conyngham, inherited her mother's literary talents. In a volume of poems, published by her in 1833, may be found the following beautiful lines—of peculiar interest at the present day:—

Weep not for the Dead

. . . . . .

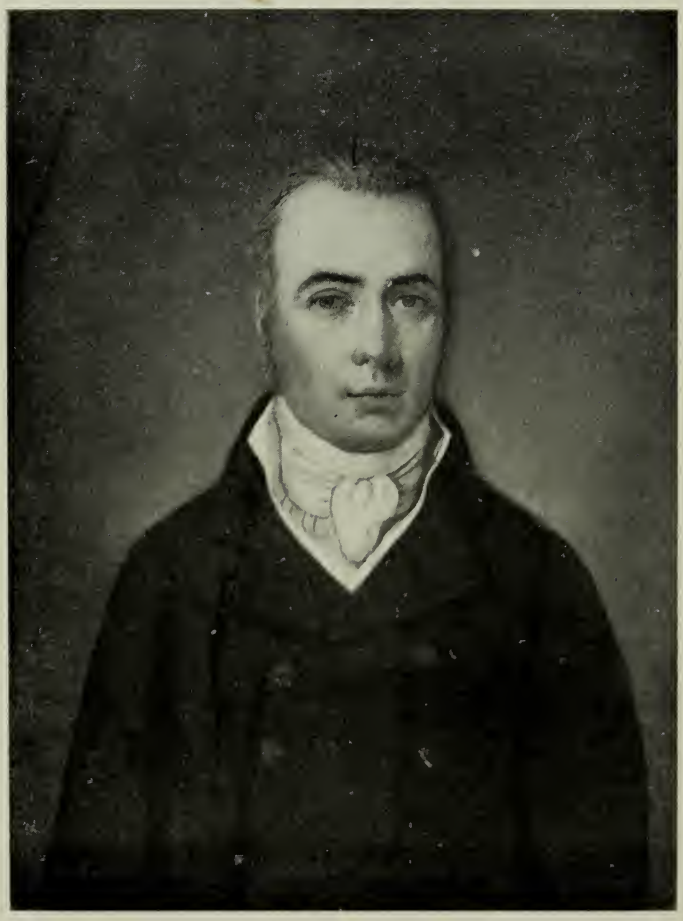
Weep for the delicately nurtured young,
Whose childish accents must renounce the tongue
In which their mothers taught them to lisp forth
Praise to their God—good will to all on earth,
The tongue that hailed their birth.

Christopher Temple Emmet, Robert Emmet's eldest brother, was born in 1761, and died at the early age of twenty-seven years. He followed the profession of the law; and so rapid was his progress that in 1787 he was appointed King's Counsel. Dr. Madden says of him that "his brilliant talents and eminent legal attainments obtained for him a character that in the same brief space was probably never gained at the Irish Bar." He is said to have been one of the most eloquent men of his day. Mr. Grattan, in his life of his father, Henry Grattan, gives as his opinion that "Temple Emmet, before he came to the Bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the Bench; and, if he had been placed on one side and the whole Bench opposed to him, he could have been examined against them, and would have surpassed them all. . . . He had a wonderful memory, he recollected everything, it stuck to him with singular tenacity."

Of Robert Emmet's other brother, the celebrated Thomas Addis Emmet, the head-piece and chief organiser of the United Irishmen, little need be said. He may be described as the *mind* of the organization; his arrest in 1798 together with the other leaders, before the outbreak of hostilities, was undoubtedly one of the chief causes of the failure of the insurrection. His diary, which was discovered amongst some old family papers and which has come to light only comparatively recently, is a valuable contribution to this period of Irish history, and gives many interesting details of the negotiations of the United Irishmen with the French Government. After his release from Fort George and banishment in 1802, he lived on the Continent for two years, of which time, it may be said, that every day, almost every hour, was spent in an endeavour to obtain assistance from abroad for his countrymen. He interviewed Berthier, the Minister of War, on several occasions, and made every effort to enlist the sympathies of Augereau and of those generals who had the greatest influence with the First Consul, and he is said to have succeeded in obtaining an interview with Buonaparte himself in the autumn of 1803. Communications certainly passed between them; and Thomas Addis Emmet was requested to prepare a memorial for the First Consul's direction. His patience and perseverance in face of every difficulty, and despite every disappointment, and the statesmanlike manner in which, while soliciting aid for his country, he sought to safeguard

her independence, proved him to be worthy of the high place he occupied in the councils of the United Irishmen. After the arrest and execution of his brother Robert in Ireland, he kept the fact secret as long as possible, and undauntedly continued his efforts. But finding at last there was no longer hope of aid from France, and distrusting the intention of Buonaparte, he embarked for New York in 1804. The chief incidents of his brilliant career in America are too well-known to need any recapitulation here. His name adds another to the long list of expatriated Irishmen whose energy and talents have played such a signal part in the service of the land of their adoption.

Robert Emmet, the youngest of the family, was born 4th March, 1778. His earlier years were passed at 124-125, Stephen's-green, West, a house which remained the family residence for nearly twenty years. Of his school days some few particulars are supplied by the biographer of the United Irishmen. He first attended Oswald's school in Dopping's-court, off Golden-lane, then a celebrated school for mathematics—a science in which Emmet displayed great aptitude. He was afterwards placed at the well-known school of Samuel White, of Grafton-street, and subsequently attended the school of a Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Camden-street. When nearly sixteen years of age, 7th October, 1793, he entered Trinity College. Here he soon distinguished himself by his remarkable talents. He went through a brilliant course, taking several prizes and displaying a special knowledge of the exact sciences, mathematics and physics. His marvellous oratorical powers more particularly attracted attention. At the debates in the Historical and Debating Societies of the College he outshone all his colleagues. Dr. Madden who had an opportunity in later years of conversing with many of Emmet's fellow-students —most of whom had been opposed to his political principles—states that they were all agreed as to his transcendent gifts as an orator ; and spoke, after the lapse of half a century, of the ineffaceable impression his eloquence had made upon them. His addresses were quite a revelation to his hearers, and were distinguished by an elevation of language and loftiness of sentiment that indicated a mind inspired by the noblest ideals. He displayed great skill in debate, and his arguments were elucidated by an appositeness of illustration and enriched by a wealth of poetic imagery that marked an orator of no common power. Thomas Moore, a fellow-student and intimate friend of Emmet's, speaking many years afterwards of the addresses which he had heard Emmet deliver at the College Debating Society, said :—"The power of Emmet's eloquence was wonderful, and I feel, at this moment, as if his language was still sounding in my ears. . . . I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or (what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence) purer character." Though current politics were tabooed in the College debates, yet by general statements, or by pointed allusions, he referred to the burning questions which agitated the public mind; and though surrounded by an atmosphere little likely to foster the principles he cherished he never failed to take the popular and democratic side in the debates. So great was the impression his addresses made amongst the students, and so fearful were the authorities of the effect his eloquence might produce, that one of the Board

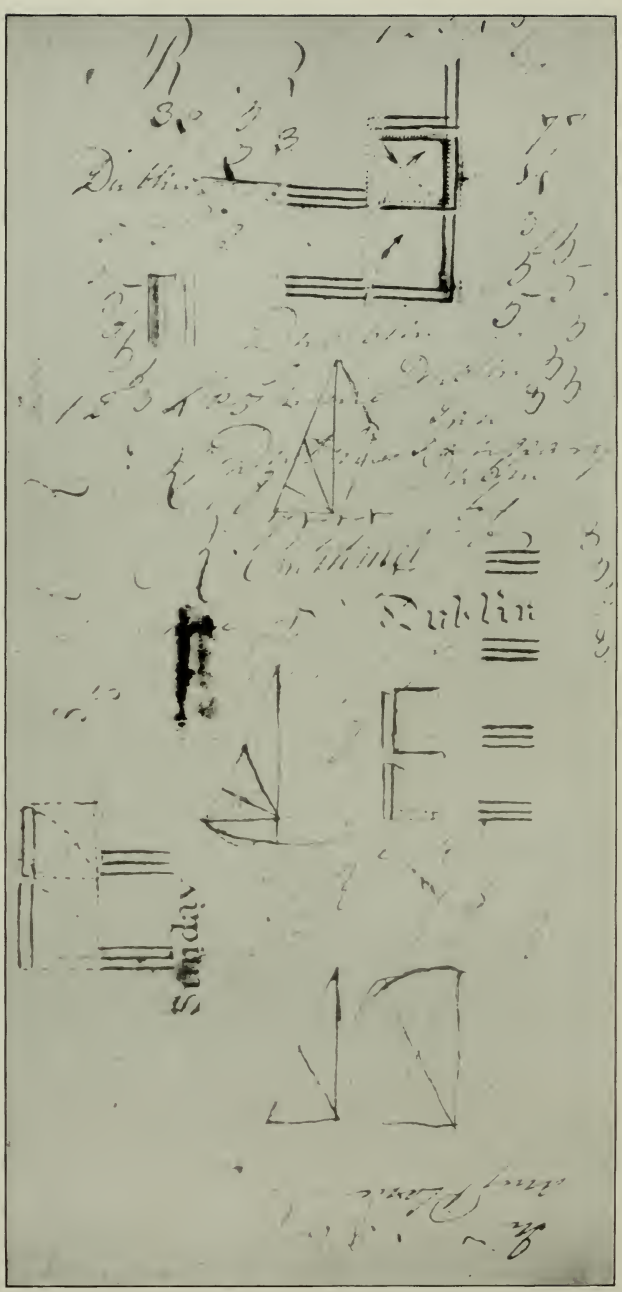


THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.
(From an Original Miniature painted by Aubry. Paris 1803.)

of Fellows, who was remarkable for his dialectical skill, was deputed to attend the debates in order to answer the arguments of the youthful orator.

From the personal recollections of those who were intimate with Robert Emmet during his college career, we can form, perhaps, the best estimate of his character. His associates unite in paying a tribute to the purity of his morals, and the integrity of his principles. Even those who differed most from him in his political views were impressed by his talents, and attracted by the amiability of his disposition, and the rare charm of his manners. The simplicity of his character, his generous nature, honesty of purpose and kindly disposition won the love and admiration of his colleagues. Thomas Moore pays the following generous tribute to the memory of his former fellow-student: "Were I to number, indeed, the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved — the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which in him was an hereditary as well as national feeling. . . . I found him in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners." Moore also refers to "the almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is often found in such determined spirits. . . . He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the pianoforte, while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up, as if from a reverie, while I was playing the spirited air, 'Let Erin remember the Days,' and exclaiming passionately, 'Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air.'" Curran, despite his final estrangement from Emmet, did not refuse in later years a tribute to the sincerity of his character. To Phillips he thus expressed his appreciation of Emmet's high sense of honour: "I would have believed the word of Emmet as soon as the oath of any one I ever knew." Despite Robert Emmet's many natural gifts and accomplishments, he was utterly devoid of all pretensions to superiority. He was of a singularly quiet and unobtrusive disposition; but when those feelings which were the very mainspring of his existence were called into action he gave every evidence of the ardour of the sentiments that animated him, and at the same time displayed a self-confidence and determination that could not be shaken by the most formidable opposition. Mr. John Patten, Thomas Addis Emmet's brother-in-law, in reply to a query of Dr. Madden's as to the possibility of Emmet's extraordinary self-confidence being due to a sentiment of vanity, said: "Robert had not a particle of vanity in his composition. He was the most free from self-conceit of any man I ever knew. You might live with him for five years—aye, for ten years—in the same house—in the same room even, and never discover that he thought about himself at all. He was neither vain of his person nor his mind."

Thomas Addis Emmet, who had long



LEAF FROM A NOTE BOOK USED BY ROBERT EMMET IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

been in the confidence of the United Irishmen, joined the Society in 1796; and in the latter part of the same year was appointed as one of the "Executive Directory" — the supreme governing body of the organization. There appears to be an absence of anything in the nature of direct evidence to show that Robert Emmet was then, or indeed at any time, a *sworn* member of the United Irishmen. Whether he took any active part in the rising of 1798 it is now impossible to ascertain. But doubtless his extreme youth debarred him from taking any prominent part in the organization at this period. He undoubtedly was at this time fully in the confidence of the United Irishmen, had adopted their principles, was cognisant of their plans, and promoted the objects of the Society by every means in his power. His relative, John Patten, stated to Dr. Madden that Robert Emmet during his college days was present at many of the meetings held in the house of his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet. As Robert Emmet displayed marked ability in drawing and designing, he was deputed at one of the meetings above referred to, to design a seal which would serve as a credential for the official organizer. For this purpose Robert Emmet designed the seal which is here reproduced. He also designed two other seals one of which—of peculiar interest from the fact of its being worn by him on the day of his execution—was afterwards in the possession of Dr. Madden for upwards of fifty years. A copy of the original seal of the organizer was obtained by the Government after Thomas Addis Emmet's arrest, and used as a decoy.*

A rough sketch—portion of which is of a humorous character—which was drawn on a note-book now in the possession of Dr. Emmet of New York, is an interesting relic of Emmet's student days, and is here reproduced by permission.

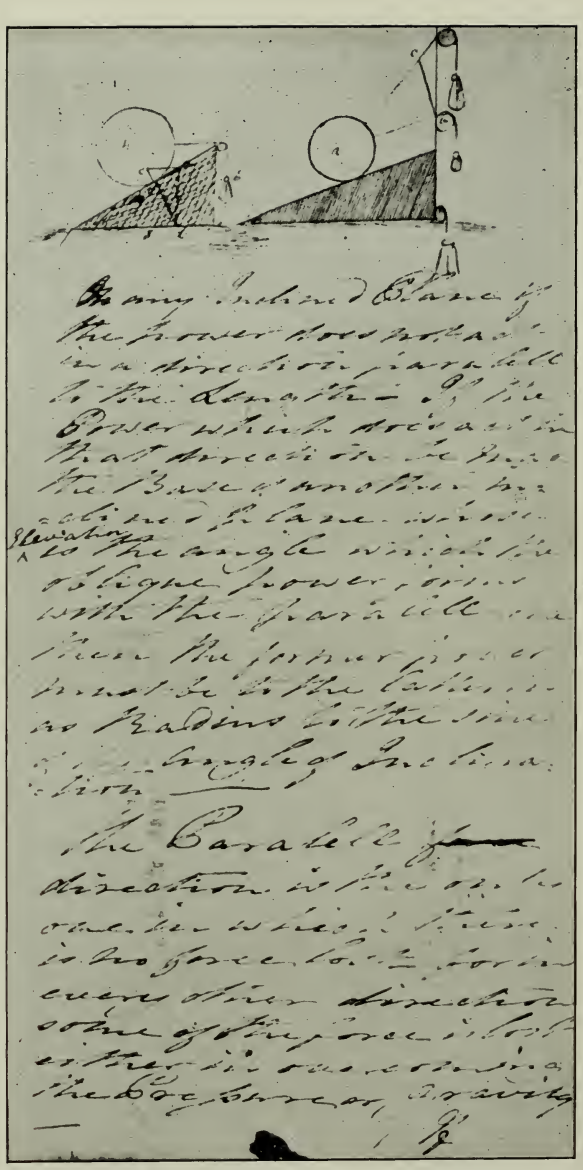
Another example of Emmet's talents in this direction is a carved medallion in bas-relief inserted in the walls of a grotto in the grounds of

* "The design is a beautiful figure, which was cut in Dublin on an emerald brought from India some years before by Sir John Temple and presented to his cousin, Dr. Robert Emmet. The English Government, it is said, obtained an impression and had it copied for use as a decoy. After the arrest of Mr. Emmet it is also said that a large reward was offered by the Government for this seal, and the house was several times searched to obtain it, but without success. During the whole time, and even throughout her imprisonment, Mrs. Emmet had it concealed on her person. The writer recalls an account given him by his father of one of these searches, made a year or more after the arrest of T. A. Emmet. While sleeping with his younger brother in the nursery, he was suddenly awakened by a bright light in the room, and became greatly alarmed on seeing a soldier standing guard within the door. As soon as the man saw the child was awake, with the instinct of a brute, he pointed his musket at him as if about to shoot. The two children naturally got under the bedclothing as quickly as possible, and in their terror did not dare to move, being more dead than alive, until the soldiers had left the house, and their grandmother could come to them. This seal, which has been reset in its present form as a ring, is in the possession of Lieut. Robert Temple Emmet, formerly of the United States Army, who inherited it from his grandfather, Judge Robert Emmet, the eldest member of the family.

"The seal of the whole organization was designed in the north of Ireland, and was different from this one, which for a time was used in the southern portion of the country only.

"The seal of the United Irishmen and two others which have been preserved show us Robert Emmet's artistic taste and talent for designing. Dr. Madden presented to the writer one of these which had been in his possession for some fifty years, and it was the one worn by Robert Emmet on the morning of his execution. . . . The doctor stated, when he gave it to the writer, that he had fully verified its authenticity on the evidence of several persons who had been present at the time and had witnessed the occurrence. In addition he stated that the seal had been fully identified by his friend, Mr. John Patten, who recognised it beyond question as the one he had seen his kinsman, Robert Emmet, wear for some time."

—From "The Emmet Family."
By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.



LEAF FROM A NOTE BOOK USED BY ROBERT EMMET IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

"Casino," a photograph of which is also reproduced.

Several poetical pieces which Robert Emmet contributed at this period to the *Press* and other Anti-Union journals of the day have, happily, been preserved. One of these, entitled "Arbour Hill," was inspired by the melancholy associations connected with the spot. Arbour Hill, which is situated at the rear of the Royal Barracks, Dublin, was at once the place of execution and place of burial for political offenders. The authorities of the day, with characteristic magnanimity, selected as the place of interment a piece of waste ground where rubbish used to be deposited. It was long known as Croppies' Hole, a title sufficiently expressive of the character of the victims who fell upon the spot, and whose dust mingled together in a common grave. Apart from their native beauty and pathos, the lines bear an additional and a sad significance, from the fact that Robert Emmet was fated, ere many years had elapsed, to pass close to this very spot on his way to execution. The above-mentioned poem, together with three others, entitled "Genius of Erin," "The Exile," and "Erin's Call," were presented by Miss Mary M'Cracken to Dr. Madden. Another piece which is believed to have been written by Emmet, entitled "The London Pride and Shamrock," appeared in the *Press*, 21st October, 1797, as also one published 9th March, 1799, entitled "Help from Heaven." In all of them he selected for his theme the subject which was ever nearest to his heart, the master passion of his life. They all give evidence of a spirit moved to its depths by the incidents of the fatal period in which they were reproduced. Some of the lines are written in a strain of tender melancholy, while others, of a more vigorous and inspiring character, convey an unmistakable appeal to his countrymen to oppose "the oppressor's wrong."

During his residence at Trinity College, Robert Emmet attended many of the debates in the Irish Parliament. We can well imagine the effect made upon his ardent mind by the eloquence of such men as Grattan, Curran, Fitzgerald, and the more devoted of the once powerful patriot party, now making a last stand to save the country from the sea of horror which they saw so steadily and surely approaching.

Whilst Robert Emmet was still at college, 12th March, 1798, his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, together with the other members of the Executive Directory, were arrested. The Government, having secured the leaders, redoubled their efforts to drive the peasantry into an open rebellion, which they now believed, could be kept safely in hand. The attention of the authorities was directed to Trinity College, as it was rumoured that societies of United Irishmen existed among the students. The appearance of two inflammatory articles in the *Press*, the Leinster organ of the United Irishmen—one from the pen of Moore, the other written by a student who lived long enough to prove his loyalty to the Government—still further excited their apprehensions. It was decided to hold a formal inquiry within the walls, and Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, of evil memory, was appointed to preside at the inquisition, which took place 19th April, 1798. Robert Emmet's principles were too well known to cause any doubt, so far as he was concerned, as to the result of the inquiry His relationship to Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the most important of the lately arrested Executive, was, in itself,

sufficient to excite suspicion, and exact the full rigour of the authorities. Robert Emmet did not appear at the inquiry, and anticipated expulsion by requesting the Board of Fellows to take his name off the books of the College. At the same time, he made a dignified protest against the practice of extorting information from students on oath, which might result in the ruin of their colleagues. As a result of the inquiry, the patriotic Dr. Stokes was suspended for three years and nineteen students were expelled. The identity of the writers whose indiscretion was one of the chief causes of the inquisition was not discovered, and they escaped expulsion.

A few weeks after Robert Emmet's withdrawal from college the '98 insurrection broke out. But, as before stated, very little is known of his connection with it. After its suppression, the Government, in July, 1798, entered into the well-known compact with the leading United Irishmen then in prison, by which they were promised immediate release. The Government broke the terms of the agreement, and twenty of the more important of the United Irishmen, amongst whom was Thomas Addis Emmet, were detained prisoners in Dublin until 19th March, 1799, when they were shipped as State prisoners to Fort George, in the Scottish Highlands. Here they were confined until the Peace of Amiens, March, 1802. During the actual insurrection it is unlikely that Robert Emmet was allowed to communicate with the prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham. But subsequently, he certainly obtained access to them, served as a means of communication between the prisoners and their friends outside, and otherwise acted in the capacity of a confidential agent on many important occasions.

It was about this period that the young patriot first met Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated John Philpot Curran. If anything were wanted to give the story of Emmet a world-wide fame it was supplied by the incidents of their ill-fated and romantic attachment. The sorrowful fate of the lovers has proved an inspiring theme to the poet in many lands; genius has paid a lasting tribute to their devotion. Throughout the world the plaintive notes of Moore still wake the memory of "their death-marked love." Southey, in graceful verse, has sung the patriot's praise; and Washington Irving, with the touch of a master hand, depicts the closing scenes in the life of her who veritably died of a broken heart.

Robert Emmet is stated to have met Miss Curran for the first time at the house of a Mr. Lambert, of Rath Castle, Wicklow, when he was about twenty-one years of age and she but three years younger. At first the affection was entirely on his side; but later, attracted by the amiability of his manners, and becoming interested in the objects of his ambition, she grew to reciprocate his affection; a feeling which on her part became intensified by the knowledge of the dangers to which he was daily subjected. In their intercourse and correspondence Miss Lambert was a willing *confidante*. On many occasions the lovers contrived to meet, either at the house of a mutual friend, or at Curran's country seat, "The Priory," Rathfarnham. The motive of Emmet's visits to the latter place was unsuspected by Curran—himself an old friend of his youthful visitor's family, and a sympathiser in many of the political views of Dr. Emmet and his son Thomas Addis Emmet. The love affair remained a secret to every member of the household, with

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY ROBERT EMMET.

From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

the single exception of Sarah's brother Richard, until the fatal day of Emmet's arrest, when "The Priory" was searched by Major Sirr and a voluminous correspondence discovered. The letters were seized and conveyed to the Castle; and after Emmet's execution were destroyed by the soft-hearted major "through motives of humanity."

Of the period of Emmet's career immediately following his retirement from Trinity College and preceding the time of his departure for the Continent, comparatively little is known. He was evidently an object of suspicion to the authorities, and lived quietly at "Casino" with his parents. He does not appear to have left Ireland earlier than the beginning of the year 1800, at which time he visited his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who had been removed from Dublin some nine months previously and imprisoned at Fort George in Scotland. As it has since been discovered that a warrant for his arrest was in the hands of Major Sirr as early as 3rd April, 1799, it may be assumed that a knowledge of this fact, together with a desire to consult with the expatriated United Irishmen who were on the Continent, determined his movements.

Curiously enough he arrived at Fort George just in time to prevent a duel between his brother and Arthur O'Connor—between whom there had been an unfortunate difference of long standing, which was now accentuated by the treacherous conduct of the infamous Samuel Turner, of Newry, a paid spy in the service of the Government.

After visiting his brother at Fort George, Robert Emmet set out for an extended tour on the Continent, during which time he visited Holland, Switzerland, and several parts of France. He appears to have made Paris his headquarters: and on a second tour, during which he visited Cadiz in the South of Spain, he was accompanied by a Mr. John Allen, one of the United Irishmen who had been tried at Maidstone with O'Connor and Quigley.

Owing to the seizure of Emmet's papers by the Government after his arrest, or possibly from their not being preserved by his family, we are deprived of a correspondence which might show the nature of his plans, and which would give a more detailed account of his movements at this period. Dr. Madden was unable to obtain copies of any of Emmet's letters, with the exception of two which were addressed to members of the Curran family after his arrest, and which were reproduced for the first time in the "Life of John Philpot Curran" by his son. These letters of Emmet's, together with two which appeared in the report of the case of Mr. St. John Mason printed by order of the House of Commons in 1812, were the only letters of his known to be in existence. But fortunately Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, has been able to throw much additional light on many of the incidents connected with the fate of his illustrious relative, and to contribute many important items of information to those already provided by the unwearied labours of the biographer of the United Irishmen. The results of Dr. Emmet's researches have been embodied in a valuable work privately printed in 1898, entitled "The Emmet Family," one of the most interesting and illuminating records of a life whose every detail is of deepest interest to Irishmen. Though it deals more particularly with the career of Robert Emmet, it also gives a series of brief biographies of many distinguished members of the family, who can lay

claim to have the blood of the "Irish rebel" in their veins.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet has been enabled to reproduce copies of three letters written by Robert Emmet during his residence on the Continent. They may be said to be the only letters of his, with the exception of those already referred to, of which there is any record. In "The Emmet Family" Dr. Emmet states that, some thirty years ago, a distant connection of the family living in Paris was in possession of several letters written by Thomas Addis Emmet and Robert Emmet to Madame La Marquise de Fontenay, a member of a noble family of French *émigrés* who had fled to Ireland during the French Revolution. Whilst in Ireland the refugees had become friends of the Emmet family; and on their return to the Continent the letters quoted below were written by Robert Emmet from Paris, and addressed to *Loire et cher*. Copies of the three letters referred to were given by the owner at the time mentioned to the Press for publication. The others, Dr. Emmet, unfortunately, was unable to trace, as the person in whose possession they had been was dead, consequently, only those here mentioned were given to the public.

Robert Emmet's first letter is dated from Rue D'Amboise, No. 9, Paris, October 6th, 1801, O.S. In it he refers to the intended sale of "Casino," and the consequent probability of his parents joining him on the Continent. "I have at last the hope of having us all united, and of enjoying the only happiness which now remains to us—that of looking back on the past in the society of friends who esteem us with the fullest conviction of the purity of our motives." But the next letter, dated two months later—Dec. 19th, 1801—would seem to indicate a change of plans, occasioned by the prospect of an alteration of the attitude of the Government towards the expatriated United Irishmen.—"I just learned by a letter from London, that the principal motive that influenced the British Government in making the peace, was the declaration of Lord Cornwallis that if ten thousand men landed in Ireland the country would be infallibly lost. I have also been informed by a gentleman coming from London, that it is the intention of the British Government to proclaim a general amnesty, and to provide a system of conciliation in Ireland, so that, if we have not found friends to acknowledge or appreciate our services, we found enemies at least capable of estimating our importance." The next letter, written two months before his brother's release from Fort George and departure for the Continent and dated April 24th, 1802, concludes as follows:

"My brother is determined to make America his residence when he obtains his liberty, and he is anxious, if my ideas agree with his, that I should accompany him. The rest of my family will be obliged to remain in Ireland, so just when I supposed that the peace would enable us all to be united, I have left for alternative but to choose between those who are dear to me in this world, and decide on which I must abandon. If I only thought of myself, if I only took into consideration the sorrows that are before me in Ireland and the advantages I would find in the society of my brother, I would joyfully share his fate; but, on the other hand, I find that my father and mother have left me perfectly free to make my choice, and have made the sacrifice of their own wishes, and that sacrifice shows me that I must not allow myself to be carried away by personal motives.

"I have therefore determined on

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

CARVING BY ROBERT EMMET IN THE GROUNDS OF "CASINO," MILLTOWN, CO. DUBLIN.

SEAL OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, DESIGNED BY ROBERT EMMET.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

returning to Ireland, providing I can do so without contracting any engagement that might compromise my honour. No one better than you, dear madam, knows how much it has cost me, the resolution of returning to a country where, in the presence of all that must awaken the souvenirs of the past, I must forget everything—that I had hopes, friends, tender ties, perhaps. I am not, however, certain that this can be done, and I doubt it myself. I am not, in any case, to leave until time will show us more clearly the intention of the British Government; but this uncertainty is still more painful."

Robert Emmet did not return to Ireland until October, 1802. The immediate cause of his undertaking this last fatal journey is, of all incidents in connection with his career, that of the most vital interest, and one, too, which has been shrouded in the greatest mystery. Dr. Madden, to whose life-long labours we owe almost all that is known of Emmet, though deprived of material evidence that afterwards appeared, lifted the veil that concealed the darker and less obvious ramifications of the plot which culminated in the insurrection of 1803, and anticipated with the greatest accuracy almost all that has since come to light regarding it.

Emmet did not start for Ireland until several months after the writing of the last letter reproduced above, in which it appears he was impelled to return solely through sentiments of filial duty—through a desire to brighten the last days of his parents, already breaking down under the many sorrows that had overtaken them in their old age. It is with a sense of pain that he looks forward to visiting Ireland, where he must again witness the miseries of his country, of which there appears no hope of alleviation, where he shall find a home desolate, the friends of the old days estranged, and feel with renewed force those "tender ties," which, hopeless of the future, he felt constrained to break. In this letter no political reason, such as eventually influenced Emmet in his return to Ireland, is apparent; nor is it at all likely that any such should then appear. The last of these letters was written but a few weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Amiens No time could be considered more inopportune for a renewal of the efforts of the United Irishmen; and it is altogether unlikely that Emmet had then decided on any plan which had for its object the liberation of Ireland by force of arms. But in the six months that elapsed between the writing of this letter and his actual departure for Ireland, many changes in the political atmosphere took place, especially with regard to the relations between France and England, which, undoubtedly, exerted considerable influence in modifying his views respecting the feasibility of making another attempt; and in such an event, the prospect of its being crowned with success.

Whether Emmet departed for Ireland in pursuit of any already organized plan of insurrection, formed with the knowledge and approbation of his brother and other prominent United Irishmen in Paris, it is impossible to decide with any degree of certainty. Dr. Madden, who studied the question deeply, appears to have been undecided on this point. In his "Life of Robert Emmet" he states that Emmet's design was based on the concurrence of several of the Irish leaders in Paris, and adduces many positive statements—both oral and written—in support of this view. He enumerates the names of Dr. Macneven, Hugh Wilson, Thomas

"CASINO," MILLTOWN, CO. DUBLIN. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

DRAWING-ROOM, "CASINO." [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

Russell, William and Thomas Corbett, Hamilton, and Sweeney, as intimate and confidential friends of Robert Emmet, as well as of his brother, and adds, "several of them, there is positive proof, concurred in the attempt. All of them, it may be supposed, were cognisant of it." The statement of James Hope—who had been all through the previous insurrection, and who was one of Emmet's chief adherents in 1803—would appear to indicate that many of the leaders on the Continent were in direct communication with Emmet, and with those who were associated with him in Ireland. He informed Dr. Madden that the refugees in Paris sent Robert Emmet to Ireland to ascertain the state of things there, and mentions Hamilton as being sent to Paris to bring over Russell. Wolfe Tone's early friend, Richard McCormack, who fled to France in 1798, informed Mr. Patten that he had had an interview with Robert Emmet immediately before the departure of the latter for Ireland. He told McCormack that he had a matter of vast importance to communicate with him about, and asked him to take part in a project for the deliverance of Ireland. Before embarking on this enterprise McCormack required particulars as to the nature of the plans and the persons engaged in it. This information Emmet could not see his way to communicate, and the matter ended so far as McCormack was concerned. The statement of Arthur O'Connor, that he had been apprized by Buonaparte of an intention of Robert Emmet and others with whom he was associated in Paris, would also lead to the opinion that Emmet's design was not unknown to the United Irishmen in that city. Added to this is the verbal statement of Lord Cloncurry to Dr. Madden that "he (Cloncurry) dined in company with Robert Emmet and Surgeon Lawless the day before the departure of the former for Ireland, and that Robert Emmet confided to him the object of his return to Ireland; that a plan had been formed for a renewed effort to free the country, and that his (Robert Emmet's) return was connected with that effort." He also stated that "Emmet spoke of his plans with extreme enthusiasm; his features glowed with excitement, the perspiration burst through the pores and ran down his forehead."

At first sight, these statements, when taken together, might appear as incontestable proof that Emmet, when leaving Paris in the latter part of 1802, had already formed the intention of organizing another insurrection upon his arrival in Dublin; and that this project was known to, and met with the approbation of, his brother and the more prominent Irish leaders in Paris. But on further inquiry, it appears evident that many difficulties arise which prevent the acceptance of this view in its entirety. Dr. Madden adverts to the discrepancy which exists between the oral statement made to him by Cloncurry—in whose honesty and integrity he places the utmost reliance—regarding Emmet's last interview with him at Paris, and the account of the same interview which appears in Cloncurry's "Personal Recollections." In this work he states: "Both brothers dined with me in Paris the day before Robert returned to Ireland for the last time previous to the fatal outbreak; and *although the catastrophe was not then thought of*, I remember the most urgent entreaties being vainly used by his friends, to dissuade him from a visit, which all felt to be full of danger to him, and the sad circumstances of which so fully justified these gloomy forebodings." In addition to this may

ROBERT EMMET'S ROOM, "CASINO." [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

be placed the positive statement of Macneven—himself an intimate and confidential friend, in constant communication with Thomas Addis Emmet—that "at the time he was in Brussels (immediately before his departure for Ireland), he (Robert), had no knowledge of any design then entertained in Ireland to make another attempt to throw off the British yoke." Dr. Macneven also stated to Dr. Madden that when Robert Emmet left Paris with the intention of proceeding to Ireland, it was for the purpose of arranging the affairs of his family on account of the failing health of his father, and that no attempt at an insurrection was then meditated by him, nor were any plans to effect one communicated to his brother. In the letters of Thomas Addis Emmet written to Macneven a short time after Robert Emmet's departure for Ireland, nothing appears that would in any way indicate that he anticipated any revolutionary movement on his brother's part in Ireland. Indeed, in a letter to Macneven written at this period, Thomas Addis Emmet speaks of making his preparations for America, and of being joined there by his friend "unless some change shall take place that would, in both cases, reverse all our calculations." The change referred to being the threatened renewal of hostilities between France and England; an eventuality which they had been discussing.

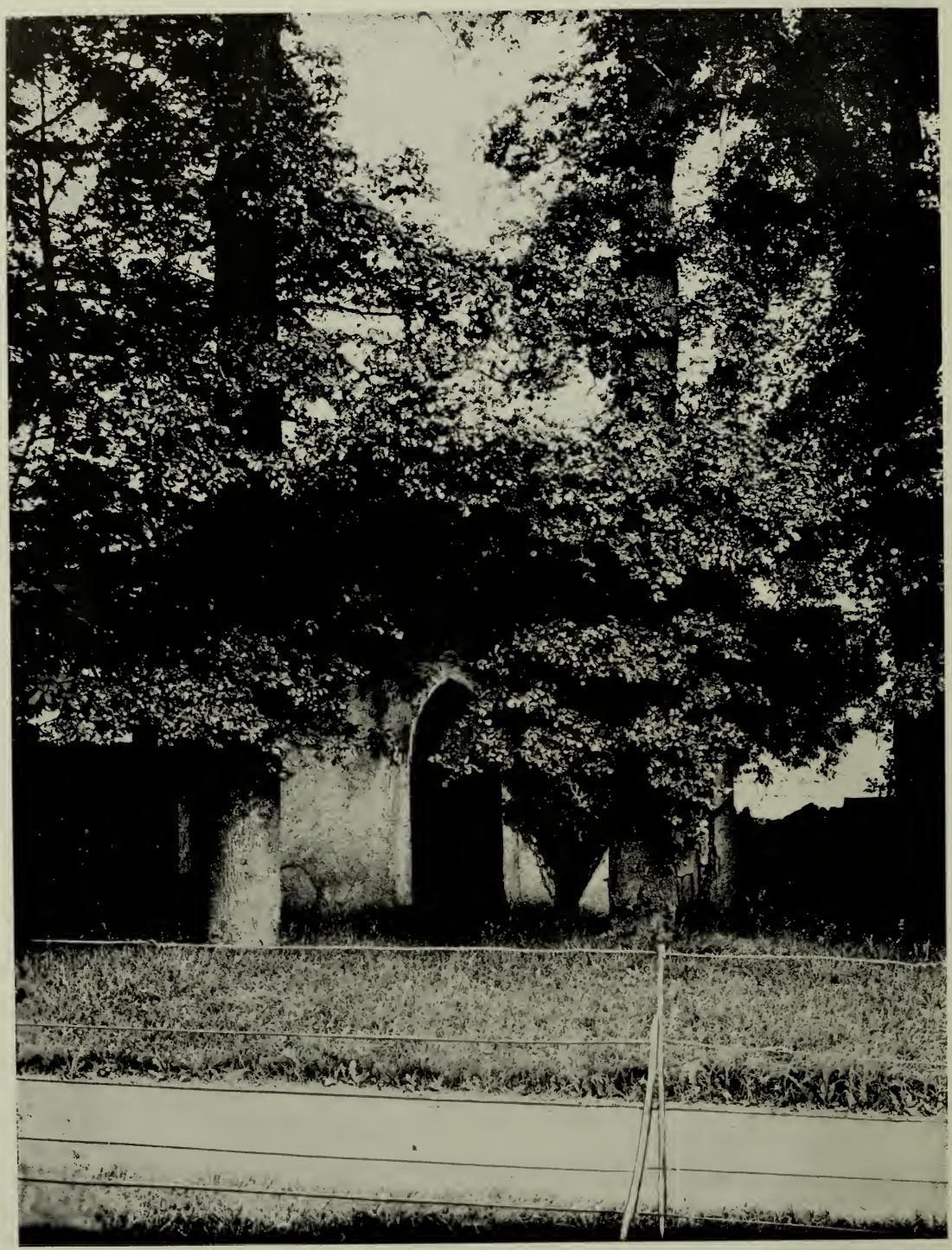
The diary of Thomas Addis Emmet—which unfortunately was not discovered amongst his papers, until long after Dr. Madden had completed his "Lives of the United Irishmen"—begins 30th May, 1803 (two months before the insurrection) and ends 10th March, 1804. The diary is a private one, written without reserve; is a complete discovery of the writer's intentions, hopes and political aims; and gives details of the most secret workings of the United Irish conspiracy in Paris. It is a remarkable fact that the entries of 1803—which cover the period when his brother's preparations in Ireland were approaching completion, and also the time of the actual insurrection—do not refer in any way to the rising, nor is there any evidence therein of an expectation on the writer's part of such an event taking place at this time. No reference whatever is made to his brother Robert until the news of the failure of the insurrection arrived in Paris. All Thomas Addis Emmet's efforts at this time were directed to the obtaining of aid from the French Government. To make this aid efficient a knowledge of the imminence of the projected rising in Ireland would be absolutely essential. It is hardly possible that if Thomas Addis Emmet had been aware of his brother's preparations in Ireland, or had had any expectation of an outbreak taking place in which his brother was to play so prominent a part, that he would have refrained from making some reference to events of such importance—events, too, which would have such a direct effect in controlling and modifying his own plans.

According to Mr. Patten, Emmet was possessed of extraordinary self-reliance, combined with a marked reserve of manner. He notifies the fact that Dr. Emmet, who shared to the full his son's patriotic aspirations, knew nothing of his intentions. In view of these facts it appears quite possible that Thomas Addis Emmet was also unacquainted with them. In this connection it may also be noted that Robert Emmet put little faith in the *bona fides* of the French Government, and was very doubtful of the disin-

terestedness of the First Consul's intentions regarding Ireland.

Whatever apparent difference, or actual discrepancy, may exist amongst the statements of Robert Emmet's intimates, and of those who were associated with him in his last fatal enterprise, or in the views of those who, having access to special channels of information, were best qualified to judge, upon one point there has been a complete consensus of opinion; that is, *that the rising of* 1803 *did not originate with Robert Emmet*. Emmet himself, after his arrival from France, in the first interview which he had with James Hope, made the significant statement that "some of the first men of the land" had invited him over. Upon his trial he twice refers to the same subject: "And, my lords, let me here observe that I am not the head and life's blood of this rebellion. When I came to Ireland I found the business ripe for execution. I was asked to join in it." And later: "I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as it has been expressed, the 'life and blood of this conspiracy.' You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord." The researches of Dr. Madden led him to the conclusion "that the conspiracy of 1803 originated, not with Robert Emmet, but with parties in Ireland who contrived to keep their real objects undiscovered and their names, too, unrevealed." He also states that several persons of respectability and distinction were cognisant of Emmet's plans, but took no prominent part in their execution; but he is enabled to mention only three—the Earl of Wycombe, a brother of the Knight of Glynn, and John Keogh, the celebrated advocate of the Catholic claims. W. J. Fitzpatrick refers to W. Todd Jones, a Protestant of good family and late member of the Irish Parliament, as also having been connected with Emmet in 1803. The names of the others have not transpired. In the light of subsequent events it is not difficult to surmise the reason that their identity remained undisclosed, or to divine the cause of the immunity from punishment they experienced.

The names of Pitt and his chief colleague, Castlereagh, are written in lurid letters of flame over the darkest pages of this period of Irish history. As joint authors of the plot which led up to the insurrection of 1798, and which culminated in the destruction of the legislative independence of the country, they must be for ever associated with the crimes by which the Union was promoted, and for which their policy was directly responsible. Their malign influence is to be traced in every chapter of the sordid story of the nation's betrayal, and by Irishmen their memory can never be regarded otherwise than with loathing and detestation. Castlereagh, whom Dr. Madden described as one whose very name "had the faint, sickening smell of hot blood about it," is remembered as a monster who was the very incarnation of all that was evil in a period fraught with manifold disasters to the people of Ireland. Many of the unscrupulous methods by which these statesmen sought to attain the objects of their ambition are now sufficiently well known. Oblivious of all principles of honour or justice, they used every



SUMMER HOUSE, "CASINO," USED BY ROBERT EMMET AS A STUDY. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

means that diabolic ingenuity and craft could devise for the advancement of their schemes. Secret machinations which depended for their success upon treachery and corruption, and which found their most fitting instruments amongst the most abandoned of humanity; vile plots hatched in darkness, involving the innocent in destruction and claiming the life's blood of the noblest, were amongst the means by which they sought to establish their power. That Robert Emmet fell a victim to their policy, and was sacrificed to the furtherance of their schemes, is now positively established.

Robert Emmet left the Continent for Ireland some seven months after the signing of the Peace of Amiens—a treaty which, for a time, put a period to the bloody war that had devastated Europe during the preceding ten years. Already dark clouds were gathering on the political horizon, and ominous signs were not wanting to prove how illusory had been the prospects of a lasting peace. In France, Napoleon aiming at supreme power, had secured his election to the Consulate for life. Already his suspicions were being aroused by England's tardiness in fulfilling the conditions of the Treaty of Amiens, especially as regarded the evacuation of Egypt and Malta: and he found additional reasons for distrusting the pacific intentions of the British Government in the protection afforded Georges and the leading Bourbonists in London. England, too, displayed her dissatisfaction with a peace which brought her no advantage; and which served but to make more manifest the commercial supremacy which France had attained on the Continent. The all-powerful capitalists—the money-lenders who thrived on the war loans—soon showed their discontent in view of a reconciliation which would deprive them of their accustomed profits. The British manufacturers still found their merchandise debarred by the protection laws of Napoleon. The governing classes grew jealous of the influence which France now wielded over the destinies of Europe: and the people generally could not but view with dissatisfaction the result of a peace which provided no adequate return for the vast toll of blood and treasure which had been exacted from the nation. The growing discontent was still further accentuated by the realisation of the enormous territorial gains which accrued to France under the conditions of the Treaty.

The British Government was in the hands of the weak Addington Administration, whom Pitt allowed into office to suit his own purposes; and over whom he displayed a secret though powerful influence. With affected disdain he had withdrawn from active participation in politics, and waited in seclusion for the bolt to fall—the signal for the renewal of the war which would bring him back to power. His mouthpiece, Castlereagh, in the Cabinet, and his adherents both in Parliament and in the Press, steadily fanned the flame of popular discontent which was soon to set Europe in a blaze.

The Government were in the greatest trepidation regarding the movements of Napoleon, and were apprehensive that Ireland would be lost to the Crown of England in the event of an invasion. Pitt, finding that a renewal of hostilities with France was assured, and conscious that from Ireland—seething with discontent and waiting an opportunity for a renewal of the struggle for independence—a fatal blow might be given to his schemes of empire, decided upon a repetition of the tactics which had

THE GARDEN, "CASINO." [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

THE GARDEN, "CASINO." [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

proved so successful in '98. He determined to take advantage of the state of the country and encourage an immediate outbreak, relying on a battalion of spies and informers, both in France and England, who worked in collusion with his satellites in Dublin Castle, to bring the insurrection safely to a head. Being in possession of the secret plans of the conspirators, he could, when the opportune moment arrived, completely crush the rebellion at its fountain-head before any complications would arise from the apprehended invasion of England. In this diabolical scheme his chief ally in Ireland was Mr. Alex. Marsden, Under Secretary of the Civil Department of Dublin Castle. This functionary being a permanent official, who had occupied the same post under the Pitt-Castlereagh *régime*, was well acquainted with the traditions of his office and in every way suited to the task assigned him. To him also had been confided the appropriation of the unlimited allowances for secret service money.

Anomalous as it may appear, upon this individual the whole weight of the Irish Government virtually devolved. In the debates in Parliament following the insurrection of 1803, and in the recriminations which took place between Lord Hardwicke, the Lord Lieutenant, and General Fox, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, it was proved conclusively that Under-Secretary Marsden, *four months before the insurrection*,* had been in possession of evidence sufficient to justify him in arresting the leaders; a course which, if adopted, would have effectually prevented the rising. The Lord Lieutenant was not informed of the intended rising until the very evening of the insurrection, the 23rd July. Indeed it was shown that the Viceroy's life had been placed in the greatest jeopardy by Pitt's accomplices, who—rather than mar by a premature disclosure the plot they had so successfully matured—allowed Lord Hardwicke to depart almost unattended to his residence in the Phœnix Park, at a period within but a few hours of the actual outbreak. On the evening of the rising the military were not summoned from barracks until the outbreak was over, although on the same night Mr. Marsden, in the crisis of his alarm, dispatched an express to England, which authorized Lord Hawkesbury to announce in the House of Commons that a *Rebellion had broken out in Ireland more enormous than ever occurred before.*

Pitt, although long aware of the development of the insurrection, allowed no precautionary measures to be apparent. While the insurgents were deceived by a false sense of security,

* Dr. Madden in his last edition of the "United Irishmen" adduces a remarkable confirmation of the fact that the Government had had early information of the intended rising. It comes from the pen of the omniscient Irish Fouché—the redoubtable Major Sirr himself. Luckily many years ago Dr. Madden had an opportunity of going through the papers of Major Sirr, which had been secured by the trustees of Trinity College and deposited in the College Library; but which, afterwards, were "kept with so much care as to be very inaccessible to readers who were not of the elect in College politics." To the correspondence of the informer Bernard Duggan—one of the Battalion of Testimony who posed as one of Emmet's most devoted adherents in 1803—the Major had prefixed a memorandum, "wherein he says there was no doubt but that Duggan was the man who shot Mr. Darragh in Kildare in the early part of 1791, and who fired at Mr. Clarke, the magistrate, when he was coming in on the 22nd of July, 1803, to give the Government notice of the approaching insurrection on the 23rd;" and the Major concludes his memorandum with these very remarkable words: "*The government had frequent information given them of that insurrection on the 23rd July, 1803, and on that day they paid no attention to it. Major Sirr and Edward Wilson, the Chief Constable, were the only two official persons that were au fait.* This accounts for the great attention since paid by Government to the most trifling information threatening disturbance."

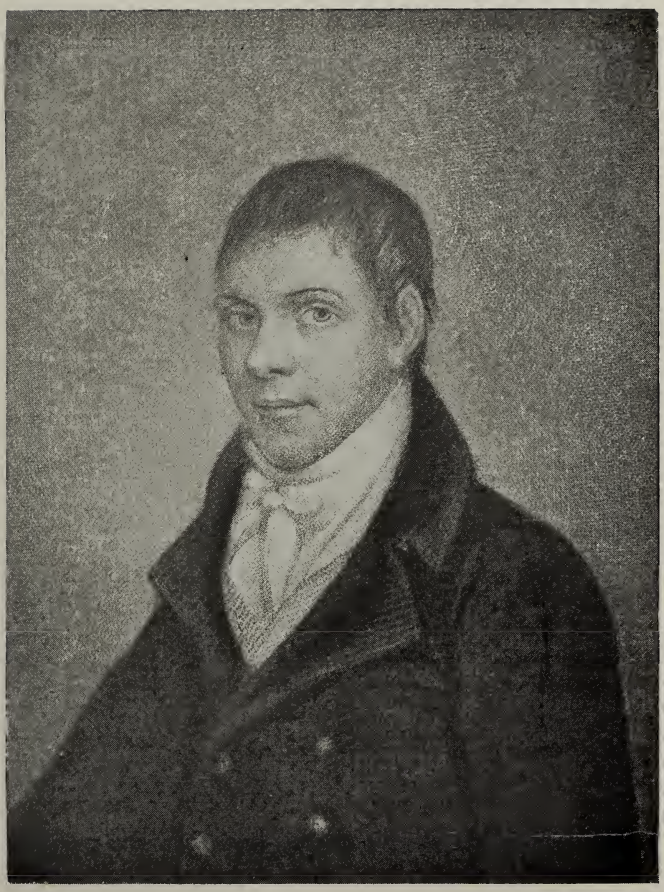
he held the threads of the conspiracy safely in hand, and was able to crush the insurrection when the opportune moment arrived. By allowing the Government to be taken by surprise he hoped to more fully expose the imbecility and remissness of the Addington Administration, and to insure his own return to power. At the same time the rebellion, as evidence of discontent and irreconcilability in Ireland, provided a convenient excuse, on his resuming the reins of office, for further oppressive and coercive measures; as well as renewed opposition to Catholic Emancipation. In the execution of these sinister designs he could safely reckon on the support of the faction in Ireland, whose existence as a power in the government of the country depended upon the withholding of all measures of popular relief.

The prevention of the rising in Dublin could have been safely accomplished by an early display of the forces at the command of the Government. But the shedding of blood, the destruction of human life, were the means which found most favour with politicians of the school of Pitt and Castlereagh. Historians of the period were debarred from exploring to the full the tortuous ramifications of this fiendish plot, as it was ever the policy of these ministers to conceal the secret springs of the system which they controlled, and to keep out of sight and responsibility the real administrators of the great measures of Government. For obvious reasons full documentary evidence is not forthcoming. A discovery of the Government records and State Papers of the period might throw into undue prominence many of the lesser known methods of policy adopted by the two honoured statesmen who now repose together in the British Pantheon. But sufficient evidence has come to light to prove that the insurrection of 1803 was produced by exactly the same methods that brought about the rising of 1798; and that it was, like it, the outcome of a conspiracy of unspeakable turpitude on the part of Pitt and Castlereagh, and a section of the Ascendancy in Ireland.

Dr. Madden proved conclusively that the insurrection of 1803 did not originate with Robert Emmet; and that after the preparations had begun in Dublin, the conspiracy was connived at and fomented by certain members of the Government. Although he does not directly specify who were the actual originators of the plot as *regarded Emmet personally*, yet he doubtless had come to a conclusion on this head without, perhaps, being in a position to make a positive statement with reference to the identity of the parties chiefly concerned. The subsequent researches of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, have thrown a lurid light upon this deeply interesting question, and prove conclusively that Robert Emmet was inveigled into organizing and heading the revolt of 1803 by the emissaries of Pitt—that his executioners themselves created the offence for which their victim suffered.

Dr. Emmet, in "The Emmet Family," relates that when in Ireland in 1880, while searching for any letters or papers which might bear upon the family history, he endeavoured to obtain access to the documents in Dublin Castle dealing with the period 1798-1804. In one of the towers of the Castle he was enabled to see a corded and sealed box containing the papers referred to, but was informed by Sir Bernard Burke, the keeper of the Irish State Papers, who had made a partial inspection of the documents some years

THOMAS RUSSELL.



MICHAEL DWYER.

before, that he had satisfied himself that public interest would not be served by anyone having a knowledge of their contents, and that he requested the Lord Lieutenant of the period to seal them up. In a subsequent conversation Sir Bernard Burke made the following positive statement to Dr. Emmet. He had read among these State Papers a letter from Pitt, addressed to Secretary Marsden, directing that another outbreak should be gotten up in Ireland "at all hazards," and suggested that "*Robert Emmet, who was in Paris, should be approached for the purpose.*" Burke also found an unbroken chain of evidence which showed that Emmet was decoyed from Paris by a Government agent, and that from the time he landed in Ireland he was under the surveillance of the spies in the pay of that section of the Castle authorities who were in the confidence of Pitt's party; and that instead of meeting with any opposition, he was insidiously aided in every way by the police to perfect the movement. Emmet succeeded to a great extent in evading this espionage; and the conspiracy was conducted with a secrecy that baffled many of the efforts of the authorities to discover its scope and extent, and ultimately attained such formidable proportions as to threaten the counter-plotters with destruction.

During the administration of the Liberal Government, which shortly afterwards came into office, Dr. Emmet made another application for permission to inspect the papers which are referred to above. As he was informed that no trace of the papers could be discovered, he came to the conclusion that they were destroyed. Strange to relate, Dr. Emmet purchased some papers in Dublin afterwards, which he had reason to believe were documents that had been at one time in this very collection, and had been abstracted in some mysterious manner from amongst the Castle archives. They were (1) The original warrant for the reward apportioned to the betrayer of Emmet's place of concealment; (2) an "Account of Dieting" of prisoners at Newgate and Kilmainham, signed by Dr. Trevor, Superintendent of the prisons; and (3) the original brief of Emmet's trial. Photographs of two of these are here reproduced by permission.

In this connection it is interesting to note the fact that in "Secret Service under Pitt," the author refers to "Wickham's Papers which are still a sealed book," and while commenting upon Mr. Ross's statement in the preface to the Cornwallis's Papers that these had been destroyed, Fitzpatrick mentions that:—"His grandson tells me that the papers are safely in his possession."

Among the mementoes of Emmet which came into the possession of Dr. Madden, was a volume of a work on military tactics, which is interesting as showing the nature of his occupations and the bent of his studies during his residence on the Continent. This book was amongst the effects of Robert Emmet which Thomas Addis Emmet in a letter to Paris in November, 1802, desired to be sent him at Brussels in order that he might forward them to his brother who had then returned to Ireland. It bore evidence of having been diligently studied by its owner, the printing being underscored, bracketed and interlined, almost every page containing marginal notes in pencil commenting upon and summarising the subject-matter. The companion volume of this work is said to have been found in the depôt in Thomas-street after Emmet's arrest.

Dr. Madden states, on the authority of Mr. Patten, that Robert Emmet had an interview with Napoleon before leaving for Ireland, and that he was referred by the latter to Talleyrand, with whom he had consultations on several occasions. Emmet was altogether unfavourably impressed by these interviews, and came to the conclusion that the only motive that could actuate Napoleon in assisting Ireland would arise from a consideration of the advantages such a course might offer to the advancement of the First Consul's own projects in subverting the power of England; and that in the pursuit of his imperialistic aims he was naturally opposed to the erection of a republican form of government in Ireland.

Emmet returned to Ireland by way of England in October, 1802. Regarding his movements in Dublin, immediately after his return from France, there is an absence of precise information. Madden believed that upon reaching Dublin, Emmet deemed it necessary to live in strict seclusion at "Casino," and that he evidently had good reason for doing so. He also states, on the authority of Mr. Patten, who was then an inmate of the house, that at some time before the death of his father (Dr. Emmet), Major Sirr searched the house, but failed in the object of his visit, as Robert had left early the same morning.

According to the statement of David Fitzgerald, an intimate of Emmet's, who was associated with him in 1803, Robert Emmet came over from France in 1802, "he professed to have come over about private affairs, went into society, and visited and dined with people of consequence." Fitzgerald at this time held a confidential position in the firm of Roche and Long, of Crow-street. A member of this firm, Philip Long, was one of Emmet's chief supporters, and was the main contributor to the financial part of the project. Emmet was very intimate with him, and is said to have frequently visited him at his house in Crow-street. From the knowledge of Emmet's movements which we possess, and in view of the fact that he continued to hold more or less open communication with Miles Byrne and other of his confidants in Dublin, it is apparent the authorities could not have been unaware of his presence in the city. It is highly improbable, in view of the number of spies and informers in the service of the Government, that his arrest could not have been effected, had it so suited the officials who were then busily engaged in weaving a web for his destruction. Emmet, probably aware that a warrant for his arrest had already been issued, and conscious that the very fact of coming from France would subject him to suspicion, kept secluded for some time, until he learned the intentions of the Government; nor is it at all probable that after his return he risked any dangerous publicity that would militate against the execution of his plans. From the time he began active preparations in March, 1803, he lived in the greatest secrecy, under the assumed name of Huet, at Palmer's, Harold's Cross; and later, in the house which he leased under the name of Robert Ellis, at Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham.

The authorities were at this time evidently endeavouring to keep Robert Emmet under surveillance, and the most diligent inquiries were made after him. To use the words of Dr. Madden, "We may well be surprised to find the Provost of Trinity College, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Elrington, D.D., acting the part of a common setter of police,

BUTTERFIELD-LANE, RATHFARNHAM, CO. DUBLIN.

Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

THE HOUSE IN BUTTERFIELD-LANE, LEASED BY ROBERT EMMET, 1803. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

and communicating to Town Major Sirr the marks, signs, and tokens by which one of the most distinguished of the pupils of that University was to be recognised, apprehended, and hanged in due season."

LETTER FROM THE REV. THOMAS ELRINGTON, D.D., SENIOR DEAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TO MAJOR SIRR.

7th June, 1803.

DEAR SIR,—Miss Bell having mentioned to me that you wished for a description of Robert Emmet, I send the best I can get of what he was five years ago. I know of no person who can give you an account of the alteration that may have taken place in his figure since.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS ELRINGTON.

Dr. Madden, afterwards commenting upon this document, says, "Dr. Elrington, *Provost of Trinity College*,* had been previously applied to by the Major, through a *lady*, for a description of Emmet's person, and that description was furnished by him !!! A provost scanning the features of the students of the college over which he presided, and furnishing the agents of police with the results of his observations, with the view of getting a particular *alumnus* clapped into gaol, and, in due course of law, hanged, has something exceedingly revolting in it, and more disgusting than many of the vilest acts of even Sirr, himself."

Dr. Robert Emmet, sinking under the weight of years and many sorrows, died at "Casino" on the 9th December, 1802, some six weeks after his son's return from the Continent. Robert Emmet was at this time residing at "Casino," as may be seen from the following pathetic passage in a letter, written by Mrs. Emmet to her son Thomas Addis Emmet, who was then at Brussels :—"The presence and support of our dear Robert was one of the greatest that could have happened in such a situation. I am consoled by all my children, for surely never parent has been more supremely blessed than I am in the affection, the virtues, and the dispositions of my children." Before another year had passed, she herself had joined her husband, overwhelmed by the many calamities that had overtaken her in her old age. Upon her husband's death she had left "Casino," where everything was calculated to awaken so many sad recollections of the past, and had retired to another house belonging to the family at Donnybrook. In her last days, already clouded by many sorrows, came the news of Robert Emmet's implication in the abortive insurrection, soon to be followed by tidings of his arrest. From this last stroke of calamity, which desolated her home and deprived her of all she held dear on earth, she never recovered. She passed away solitary and desolate, while many of her dearest relatives were in prison, and conscious that her youngest son, the last hope of her declining years, was threatened with a fate which, even for a moment to contemplate, must needs tear her heart with anguish unutterable. She died whilst Robert Emmet was in prison awaiting his trial, on the 9th September, 1803. She was buried beside her husband in St. Peter's Churchyard, Aungier-street, Dublin.

Of all the places with which the name of Emmet is connected, there is, perhaps, none of greater interest than "Casino." This historic mansion, which is situated at the corner of Bird-avenue, on the eastern side of the Dundrum-road, midway between the villages of Milltown and Windy-arbour, was for many years the family seat of the Emmets, by whom it is said to have been built. Despite the years that have elapsed, many tra-

* Dr. Elrington was Senior Dean in 1803 and was not appointed Provost until 1811.

ditions of the place have been preserved, and even now traces are not wanting which recall the memories of by-gone days, when its honoured roof sheltered the chivalrous young patriot of 1803. In this house a great part of Emmet's earlier days were passed; and upon his return from Trinity College he lived here for a considerable time before leaving for the Continent. He is said to have been an indefatigable student, and it is recorded that it was his wont to work far into the night at his studies. He displayed a marked predilection for mathematics and chemistry, in which latter science he was very fond of making experiments. In later years, after his return from the Continent, he lived for some time at "Casino," and during this period he, doubtless, spent many an anxious hour devising and planning the best method of carrying out the desperate enterprise in which he was about to embark.

After the stormy period of '98, and following Thomas Addis Emmet's arrest, the family sought retirement in their country residence. Dr. Emmet relinquished his practice in town, and lived entirely at "Casino." The old man chiefly occupied himself in his declining years by tending and looking after the spacious gardens which surround the house. After Dr. Emmet's death "Casino" is said to have been closed up, and remained for a time apparently deserted. But it was still used by Robert Emmet as a place of refuge for some time after. In 1803, when he had begun his active preparations, and also after the failure of the insurrection when a price was put upon his head, he is said to have stolen back on many occasions to his solitary home, where, in the event of pursuit, he calculated upon making his escape by means of an elaborately-contrived system of secret passages and tunnels, which, in view of such a contingency, he had caused to be constructed throughout the house and grounds.

The general arrangement of the interior of the building, the position of the various rooms and corridors, is believed to be the same as in Emmet's time. Dr. Madden visited the house as early as 1836, when it was in the possession of a Mr. George Stapleton. The biographer of the United Irishmen was, on this occasion, accompanied by Michael Leonard, an old and faithful servant of Dr. Emmet's, and also had an opportunity of speaking with another servant of the doctor's who had been employed as gardener at "Casino" in 1803. Dr. Madden, in giving the result of his investigations, says:—"In the ceiling, over the passage leading from the hall-door towards the kitchen, he pointed out to me the place where the boards overhead were sawed through; the square portion thus cut was sufficiently large to allow a person to pass through when the boards were removed which formed the trap-door communicating from the upper part of the house to the hall. If attention had not been directed to it, no one would have observed the cutting in the boards. On the ground floor, on the left-hand side of the hall, there is a small room adjoining the kitchen, which was called 'Master Robert's bedroom.'" In this room they found a similar trap-door over a passage which was intended to communicate with the lawn.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, who visited the house in 1880, describes it as follows:—"The appearance of the house and grounds was essentially the same as when occupied by the family, with the single exception that the window frames in the front of the house having become decayed, new

MARSHALSEA-LANE, THOMAS-STREET.
Site of Robert Emmet's principal depôt in 1803.

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

ones fitted with plate glass had been substituted for old.

"The garden has been preserved just as Dr. Emmet had laid it out, for when the greenhouses had been decayed new ones in fac-simile had been put in their place. The wall-fruit, too, which the doctor had planted and trailed, was all preserved by building new trellis about it where necessary. It was stated that even the vegetables were of the same stock as had been found on the place, and occupied the same locality. The parlour was still covered by the tapestry paper as of old, which, no doubt, had been a source of delight to the younger generation of the past."

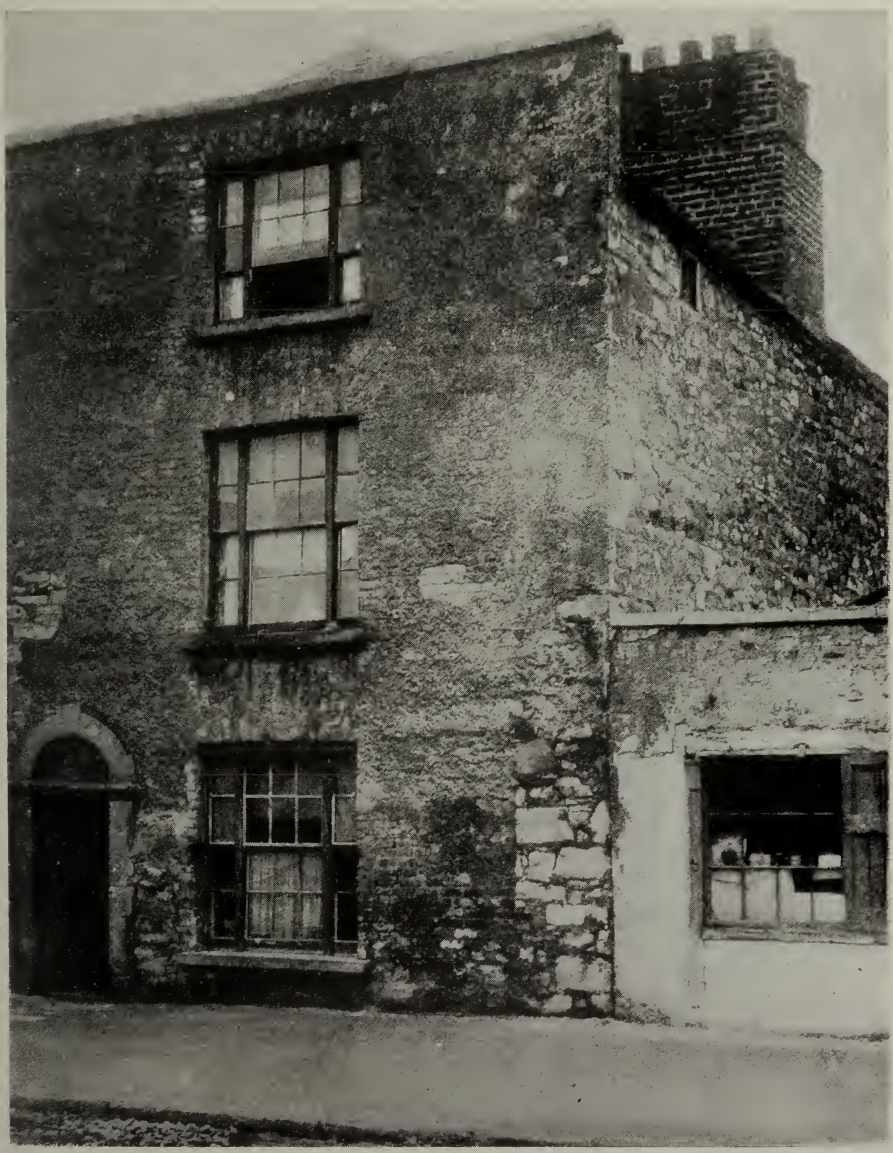
The tunnel mentioned above, by which Emmet on more than one occasion effected his escape, ran from beneath the two basement windows on the left of the porch entrance, and ended at a summer-house situated in the grounds near the road some fifty yards distant. It is stated that, in later years, it had been utilized by a former resident for the purpose of draining the land, and that on a wet day its course has been seen traced on the ground through the percolation of rain from the surface of the ground. Not long since, whilst some alterations were being effected, a small built-in vault was discovered beneath the surface some distance from the house. An ancient ivy-mantled summer-house, picturesquely situated in the grounds beneath a group of trees, was originally fitted up as a study, and is deeply interesting as having been a favourite resort of Robert Emmet's. A marble carving in bass-relief, representing Neptune and sea-nereids, which has already been referred to, is inserted in the walls of a grotto or arched recess in the grounds. It is from the hand of Robert Emmet, and is an interesting evidence of his versatility and talent.

In an article written several years ago by J. Roderick O'Flanagan, B.L., author of "The Irish Bar," etc., it is stated (upon what evidence it is now impossible to say) that in some part of 1803 "Casino" was let to a Mr. Clibborn. The writer gives a sensational account of a midnight interview between Mr. Clibborn and Robert Emmet in the grounds of "Casino"—to which place Robert Emmet still had recourse as a place of refuge after the failure of the insurrection. Unknown to the occupants, Robert Emmet had often obtained an entrance by means of the secret passages, but on the occasion referred to, he was detected by Mr. Clibborn, who was on the watch for intruders, as his suspicions had been aroused by the mysterious noises heard about the house for a considerable time before.

Shortly after Robert Emmet's return from France, in October, 1802, he dined in company with Curran, as the guest of John Keogh, the great Catholic leader, who resided at Mount Jerome, now the cemetery, at Harold's-cross. In the course of conversation they discussed the probability of another rising taking place, and in such an event the likelihood of its being successful. Curran and Keogh were not men who would lightly embark in such an enterprise as Emmet had in contemplation, and doubtless the discussion did not reach to any stage beyond that of mere speculation. Nevertheless the conversation was evidently reported to Government, as after Emmet's arrest Keogh fell under suspicion, and his house was searched. It is now sufficiently clear that the authorities learned of Emmet's visit, and the topic under discussion, through the agency of Leonard M'Nally, the bosom friend of Curran, and the trusted counsellor of

the United Irishmen. This individual was enabled by the Government to ply a profitable trade by betraying the confidences conveyed to him by his friends while he enjoyed their hospitality; and by divulging the secrets confided to him by his clients while he acted as a professional advocate. Possessed of remarkable abilities, with a plausible address, equipped for every emergency by many and versatile talents—which, as occasion, offered he displayed in the various *rôles* of litterateur, raconteur, play-wright, public speaker, and debater—a noted duellist, of undoubted personal courage, daring, and yet wary in the pursuit of his schemes, he was peculiarly suited to the task assigned him. Throughout life he contrived to maintain a reputation for patriotism and integrity; but subsequently his true character was discovered. The diabolical perfidy of his conduct then revealed, proved him to have been a wretch destitute of even the redeeming features of character which are to be found in the most fallen natures—a moral monster possessing qualities which would seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most degraded of men. He selected as his victims his dearest friends; and those who in extremity came to him for assistance were inhumanly betrayed into the hands of their enemies. For no higher motive than a love of gold he never hesitated to accomplish the ruin of those of his clients whom the Government had marked out for destruction. Some of his most eloquent pleadings and most brilliant forensic efforts were delivered for prisoners whose doom was already sealed through the information which he himself had secretly conveyed to the Government. The confidence reposed in him by the United Irishmen, and the knowledge which he possessed of the secret workings of their organization, left them almost entirely at his mercy. Unquestionably, he was one of the chief agents of the Government in inveigling Emmet into the outbreak of 1803.

M'Nally was early on Emmet's track. Three years before the outbreak—19th September, 1800—he wrote to Secretary Cooke, "Emmet, junior, gone on business to France—probably to supersede Lewins." In the MS. volume—which was so mysteriously abstracted from the Castle archives—entitled "Account of Secret Service Money, 1797-1804," an entry appears on 25th August, 1803 (the very day of Emmet's arrest) allocating £100 to "L. M." Five days previous to Emmet's trial, 14th September, 1803, £100 is also set down to "L. M." In the words of Fitzpatrick "the initials of M'Nally perpetually rise like an infernal phantom through the pages of this blood-tinged record." On September 3rd, 1803, M'Nally sends one of his secret letters to Cooke, saying that he is authorised to treat on behalf of a person privy to the whole conspiracy. Through a climax of villainy—unparalleled even in his baneful career—M'Nally acted as Emmet's counsel on his trial. After sentence of death had been pronounced upon the prisoner, and as he was leaving the dock, M'Nally stooped forward, and Judas like, administered the kiss of peace to the victim he had betrayed. Next morning he visited Emmet in his cell before the latter was led to execution. He was the only "confidential friend" accorded an interview with the prisoner. He it was that conveyed to Emmet the last and saddest tidings he was fated to hear, the news of his mother's death—whilst "pointing upwards," as the account hath it,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROBERT EMMET WAS ARRESTED, HAROLD'S-CROSS.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

he spoke of "a meeting beyond the grave."

M'Nally was not the only spy on Emmet's track. Dr. Madden discovered an important letter amongst Major Sirr's papers which showed that in very truth he was "ministered to by good espials." It was from the pseudo-patriot, Henry Haslett of Belfast, Tone's early friend and political associate. Although couched in allegorical terms, its meaning is sufficiently clear. It is addressed to Mr. Robert Hunter, Dublin, and dated 20th April, 1803 (*three months before the insurrection*) in reply to a previous letter of Mr. Hunter, apparently treating of "a commercial speculation, about to be entered into by a young man of high character and extensive connexions both at home and abroad, for the success of which so much was to be desired." The letter is an additional confirmation of the fact that the authorities had early notice of the intended insurrection.

Robert Emmet was early in communication with many of the leaders of the last insurrection; but his active preparations did not begin until March, 1803, at which time he came to reside at a house in Harold's-cross. The question as to the exact situation of this house has been much discussed. It is generally stated in Dublin that the house in which Emmet lived in 1803, and also in which he was arrested, still stands at Mount Drummond-avenue, Harold's-cross. This house faces the country, and is situated some distance back from the main road, from which it is visible—its ancient gable ends and ivy-clad walls giving it a most romantic and striking appearance. Despite the traditional belief that Emmet at one time occupied this house, it is not the one in which he was arrested. The latter house, which was occupied by a Mrs. Palmer in 1803, stood a short distance from the other building referred to above. It faced the main road between Mount Drummond-avenue and the canal bridge. The house was a small one, a little further back from the road side than the adjoining ones, and originally had wooden pailings in front. It has since been demolished, and the site is now covered by the recently erected Artizan's Dwellings. Dr. Madden, accompanied by Dr. Emmet, of New York, visited the house several years ago. Photographs, both of the exterior and interior, were then taken, copies of which are here reproduced. Madden thus describes the interior: "The same contrivances which poor Emmet had recourse to in his former abode were vainly put in practice at his lodgings at Harold's-cross. In the back parlour, which was his sitting-room, he made an aperture in the wall, low down, nearly on a level with the flooring, large enough to admit a man's body: the masonry had been excavated inward in a slanting direction; there was sufficient space then made to enable him to draw his body in, and to place a board painted the colour of the wainscot against the aperture, when he had drawn himself in."

The main feature of Emmet's plan in the insurrection of 1803, was the carrying of Dublin, the seat of the Government, by a *coup-de-main*. The general idea of the plan, though it proved defective in many details, has met with the approbation of military authorities, whose opinion is entitled to credit, as the best scheme that could have been adopted under the circumstances. The celebrated Miles Byrne, who rose to the position of *chef de bataillon* in the French service, and who took a prominent part in many a

A RECESS IN THE WALL USED BY ROBERT EMMET AS A HIDING PLACE AT THE HOUSE, HAROLD'S-CROSS.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

hard-fought campaign in every quarter of Europe, gives it his unqualified approval. He says:—"I shall ever feel proud of the part I took with the lamented Robert Emmet. I have often asked myself, 'How could I have acted otherwise, seeing all his views and plans for the independence of my country so much superior to anything ever imagined before on the subject.' They were only frustrated by accident and the explosion of a depôt . . ." Emmet's principal object in getting possession of the city, was to seize the artillery and stores in the various barracks, and to capture the Lord Lieutenant and the leading officers of the Government. Relying upon the moral effect produced by successfully striking at the capital, he believed that the insurrection would become general throughout the country, already partially organized by some of his chief adherents. In executing this scheme, he counted upon either blockading or carrying by assault the various barracks in the city that contained the Government troops. He hoped in a hand to hand conflict to deprive his opponents of any advantage which they might otherwise derive from the use of artillery or from superior weapons. While the garrison was being attacked, or held stalemated in the barracks, the main body of his followers were to deliver several distinct simultaneous attacks upon what were considered the most vulnerable points in and about the city, viz.:—Dublin Castle, the Pigeon House batteries and stores at the mouth of the harbour, Island Bridge Barracks, where the bulk of the artillery lay, the Royal Barracks, the magazine in the Phœnix Park, and a barracks which stood at Cork-street.

The time for beginning the attack was to be made known by means of a rocket signal, fired at a point in the city visible from the various points mentioned. The bridges of the Liffey were to have been covered with boards, full of long nails, bound down at each end by two iron bars with spikes 18 inches long driven through them into the pavement, to stop a column of cavalry or infantry. He thus hoped to hold possession of all the city south of the Liffey; and in the event of retreat calculated upon being able to retire with captured artillery and stores to the security of the Wicklow mountains, where he expected aid from other parts of the country. The success of his plan mainly depended upon his being able to take the troops of the garrison by surprise; to this end he determined upon getting possession of houses adjacent to the different barracks, where by breaking through the walls, by undermining, or by means of scaling ladders, an unexpected onslaught could be delivered at the required moment. In other cases houses were selected from which it would be possible to command the gates and other important points by musket fire. In the case of Essex-street Barracks, which stood about one hundred and fifty yards from the Castle and was garrisoned by 600 men, Emmet's plan of attack was a particularly ingenious one. When the assault had begun the main entrance was to be suddenly closed by means of a car load of straw which could, beforehand, be placed in the street near the gate without exciting suspicion. Whilst the muskets from the adjoining houses opened fire upon the barracks those engaged in the attack were to obtain an entrance in the rear through passages previously undermined. Mary-street Barracks was to have been attacked in a somewhat similar way.

In the execution of these plans he

counted upon the assistance of at least 300 Wexfordmen under Nicholas Gray, 400 Kildaremen, 200 Wicklowmen under Dwyer, and that portion of the citizens who were favourably disposed towards such an enterprise. Emmet was eventually forced through various circumstances to abandon the greater portion of this plan, and to confine himself to one portion of it only—the attack on the Castle.

Amongst the circumstances which contributed to the final overthrow of Emmet's plans, was the knowledge of the conspiracy obtained by the Government through the treachery of some of Emmet's followers and confidants. The intelligence thus conveyed enabled the authorities to checkmate every detail of the plan as it arose. The insufficiency in the number of men who were privy to the conspiracy, and who could be relied upon from the outset to take part in the insurrection, is also evident. The followers upon whom he reckoned to begin the attack on the city, could not number more than 1,000—a sum miserably inadequate for such an enterprise. Through treachery and other circumstances, which Emmet could not possibly foresee, they eventually dwindled down to a much smaller number. A fatal disability under which the insurgents laboured was an almost entire absence of firearms. So late as the very afternoon of the insurrection an attempt was made to purchase in the city some addition to the small store of arms at their command. Emmet and his followers were also hampered by the difficulty of obtaining ammunition and explosives; a supply of which they found it necessary to make at the various depôts. The difficulty of preserving secrecy in a conspiracy which necessitated the actual manufacture of war materials in the midst of a large city, where the lives of all engaged were at the mercy of a single traitor, is sufficiently manifest.

The brave and chivalrous leader of the conspiracy was unfortunate in the selection of the men upon whom the success of his desperate enterprise depended. Those upon whom he relied as his chief support proved utterly unworthy of the confidence reposed in them. Even had Emmet been of a less unsuspicious nature it would have been almost impossible that he should escape the clutches of monsters—hatched in corruption and called into being by the enormous sums of secret service money dispensed by the Government—who throughout the land plied a ghoulish traffic in the blood of the noblest. The disingenuousness of Emmet's own nature prevented him from discovering the true character of the men who surrounded him. In the words of his friend Fitzgerald, "He placed trust in every man; but he was the most honest and single-minded of human beings." To the same magnanimity of character may be ascribed the fact that he went to the grave with his lips sealed regarding those who had lured him to destruction—"the first men of the land who had invited him over."

Emmet was conscious that in the eyes of the world a revolution attempted by the sword is held justified only by success, and stands self-condemned by failure. In his own words: "The very same men that, after success, would have flattered will now calumniate. The very same men that would have made an offering of unlimited sagacity at the shrine of victory will not now be content to take back that portion that belongs of right to themselves, but would violate the sanctity of misfortune and strip her of that covering that candour would have left her."

In justice to Emmet it should be remembered that immediately preceding the insurrection many circumstances contributed to lead him to the conclusion that the moment was a propitious one. The King of England had just declared war against France; in England the people were in a state bordering on panic regarding Napoleon's threatened invasion; the trial and execution of Colonel Despard and his followers proved the existence of a formidable conspiracy—the Secret Society of England—from whom Dowdall, Emmet's right-hand man, was an accredited agent. In the intercepted English letters found on board the East Indiaman, *Admiral Aplin*, captured by the French, and which were afterwards published in the *Moniteur* by the Government, there is sufficient evidence to show the uneasy feeling which existed amongst the official classes. Lord Chas. Bentinck writes:—"If Ireland be not attended to, it will be lost. These rascals are as ripe as ever for rebellion." A passage in a letter to General Clinton is equally significant: "I have learned . . . with regret that the lower classes in Ireland were more disaffected than ever, even more than during the last rebellion." And in another letter: "If the French land in Ireland, they will be immediately joined by a hundred thousand Irish."

Emmet and his followers, though sanguine of success, were fully conscious of the formidable nature of their undertaking. Many of them also had misgivings regarding the Government's apparent ignorance of their intentions. Russell, in a conversation with Hope, said: "This conspiracy is the *work of the enemy*. We are now in the vortex. If we can swim ashore, let it not be through innocent blood. If the people are true to themselves, we have an overwhelming force; if otherwise, we fall, and our lives will be a sufficient sacrifice."

Robert Emmet was entirely opposed to any revolutionary scheme which would militate against the just rights of property and indiscriminately disrupt the existing conditions. In a conversation with Hope upon this subject Emmet said: "I would rather die than live to witness the calamities which that course would bring on helpless families. Let that be the work of others; it shall never be mine. Corruption must exhaust its means before equity can establish even its most reasonable claims." In another conversation with Hope he stated: "One grand point, at least, will be gained. No leading Catholic is committed—we are all Protestants—and their cause will not be compromised."

Robert Emmet left Mrs. Palmer's house, Harold's-cross, about the end of March, 1803, and on the 23rd April got possession of a house in a district more remote from the city, Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham.* He executed the lease

* The house occupied by Robert Emmet, in 1803, is still in existence and is known as "Butterfield House." It is the largest building in the avenue and is surrounded by spacious grounds. It is the first house to be met with upon the right-hand side of Butterfield-avenue on crossing the bridge and coming from the Rathfarnham road. Failing to obtain any definite information in the neighbourhood the writer communicated with the owner and received the following reply:—

"SEAFIELD,
"DONABATE.

"DEAR SIR,—Your information as to Butterfield House is correct: it was taken by Robert Emmet under the name of 'Robert Ellis' in 1803.

"Yours faithfully,
"J. HELY-HUTCHINSON."

Within the last few years the house has been renovated and its external appearance considerably changed. A new storey has been added;

under the name of Robert Ellis; paid a fine of sixty-one guineas and undertook to pay a like sum per year for the holding. Here he was visited by Michael Dwyer, Miles Byrne, and many of the Wicklow and Wexford leaders, as well as his principal adherents in the city. From the time his active preparations began he lived in the most sequestered manner. The house remained unfurnished, and Emmet, with Dowdall and Russell, who generally occupied the house with him, slept on mattresses placed on the floor. It was the proud boast of Michael Dwyer in after years that on one occasion when he stayed overnight in the house, he shared the same couch with Robert Emmet. The conspirators were seldom or never out in the daytime, their visitors coming after dark and often remaining in conference through the greater part of the night.

It was about this time Emmet began establishing depôts in Dublin for the manufacture and storage of war material. They were respectively situated at Marshalsea-lane, Patrick-street, Smithfield, and Irishtown. Preparations were also carried on in Winetavern-street, in the vault of an old building formerly an inn, opposite Christ's Church. The principal depôt was at Marshalsea-lane, in a neighbourhood which was then, as it is at present, the centre of the brewing trade; and the building which Emmet selected as most suitable for his purpose was a large disused malt-house. The depôt was at the rear of the White Bull Inn, kept by a Mrs. Dillon (on the right-hand side of a court off Thomas-street, between the numbers 138 and 139).

Marshalsea-lane in reality consists of two lanes intersecting at right angles; the entrance to one being through a narrow court-way in Thomas-street, while the other is entered by way of Bridgefoot-street. There was a private entrance to the depôt from the inn; the chief entrance was from Marshalsea-lane.

In the depôt in Patrick-street Emmet caused a system of secret passages to be constructed somewhat different from those made at "Casino" and Harold's-cross. A door, turning on hinges and castors was constructed of brickwork plastered over to resemble the adjoining walls. This door, which when closed was undistinguishable from the surrounding masonry, upon being opened disclosed a tier of closet rooms, each of which communicated by means of trap-doors and scaling ladders with the different stories of the house. Only some of the men in each of the depôts were admitted to any knowledge of depôts other than their own.

The depôt in Irishtown was in charge of a timber merchant, named Thomas Branagan, with whom Emmet frequently walked across the strand to take plans of the Pigeon House Fort. On other occasions he visited the neighbourhood to make experiments with some rockets of his own invention.

Throughout the conspiracy Emmet did not swear in any of his men; but a secret system of communication was established by means of privately marked ivory counters or tokens.

On the 14th July, the anniversary of the French Revolution, bonfires were general throughout the city, and other imprudent manifestations of a seditious nature took place. On Saturday, the

the old carriage drive has been closed, and a new one made on the opposite side of the house. The front (shown in the photograph) which faces the Dodder river, has undergone least alteration. The rooms in the basement and on the first floor are practically unchanged since Dr. Madden's visit in 1843.

ANNE DEVLIN.
From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

GRAVE OF ANNE DEVLIN, PROSPECT CEMETERY, GLASNEVIN.
Monument erected by the late Dr. R. R. Madden.

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

16th July, exactly one week before the outbreak, the depôt in Patrick-street was blown up through an explosion of gunpowder on the premises. Major Sirr visited the wrecked building, and the remains of unfinished weapons, etc., were discovered. One of the wounded attendants fell into the hands of the authorities. As it was the policy of the Castle to precipitate, rather than *prevent* the rebellion, they affected to have discovered nothing suspicious, and it was given out that the explosion was the result of a chemical process. On the next morning some watchmen in Patrick-street seized upon two men carrying a cask of ammunition, flints, etc., but on their attempting to take them to the watchhouse a large crowd gathered; the men escaped and the cask was recovered by the people. A man upon whom direct suspicion fell was arrested, but was, immediately afterwards, released. This extraordinary conduct of the authorities was severely commented upon by the Orange papers, —who presumably were not in the secret—one of them describing the Government as "sleeping over a mine." It has since been surmised that the depôt was purposely blown up by a traitor in order to hamper Emmet in his preparations and precipitate the insurrection. Additional weight is given to the suspicion from the fact that Michael M'Daniel, the same man whose conduct proved so treacherous in the Marshalsea-lane depôt on the night of the insurrection, was employed in the Patrick-street depôt immediately before the explosion.

After the explosion in Patrick-street Emmet left the house in Rathfarnham, and lived entirely at the depôt in Marshalsea-lane. He and his associates now redoubled their efforts to have everything in readiness for immediate action. Emmet's original intention was to wait another month until the troops had been withdrawn to the French war; but convinced that secrecy could no longer be preserved, and fearing to lose the advantage of a surprise, he decided on striking at once. Throughout the day, and during a great part of the night, he was engaged in the depôt, overseeing and directing the manufacture of the ammunition, hand grenades, fuses, rockets, musket balls, etc., together with a large number of long pikes—which were jointed so as to be safely carried without danger of discovery. Uniforms and regimentals were also manufactured. He devised an ingenious method of secretly conveying weapons to any required position in the city by means of hollowed beams. Some of these, intended to be used as explosives, were filled with powder, with time-fuses attached, and were mounted on wheels to facilitate transit.

The following paper was found after the failure, in the depôt at Marshalsea-lane, in Emmet's handwriting:—"I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes: that those difficulties will likewise disappear I have ardent, and, I trust, rational hopes; but if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection: and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opening under my feet from which duty will not suffer me to run back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air."

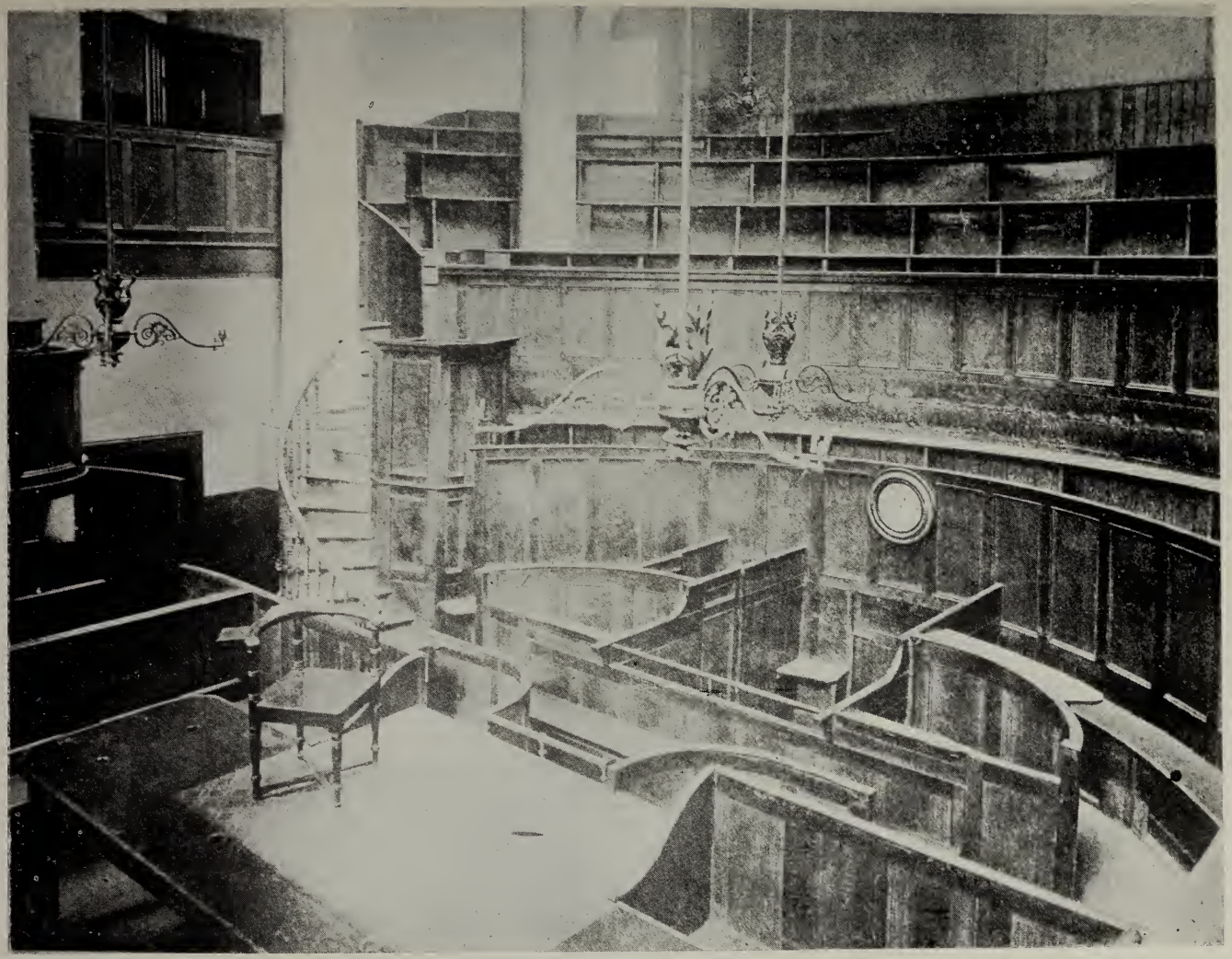
Dr. Madden states that "the morning of the 23rd July found Emmet and the

KILMAINHAM GAOL. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

leaders in whom he confided not of one mind; there was division in their counsels, confusion in the depôts, consternation among the citizens who were cognizant of what was going on, and treachery, tracking Emmet's footsteps, dogging him from place to place unseen, unsuspected, employed in deluding its victim, making the most of its foul means of betraying its unwary victims, and counting already on the ultimate reward of its treachery. Portion after portion of each plan of Robert Emmet was defeated, as he imagined, by accident, or ignorance, or neglect, on the part of his agents; but it never occurred to him that he was betrayed, that every design of his was frustrated, every project neutralized, as effectually as if an enemy had stolen into the camp of an opponent, seduced the sentinels, corrupted the guards, discovered the actual resources of the party, betrayed the plans, disconcerted the projects, and then left the adversary to be forced into the field and discomfited there."

The Castle officials were fully informed, early in the day, of the imminence of the rising. No steps whatever were taken to prevent the outbreak, either by seizing the depôts —of whose existence, it was afterwards admitted, the authorities had early information—or by posting the garrison troops in such positions as would prevent so small a body of insurgents from attempting a rising in face of such desperate odds. Although every shot fired could be heard in the adjoining barracks, no part of the garrison appeared until three hours after the insurgents had been dispersed. The only body actually opposing Emmet's party consisted of some soldiers of the 21st Regiment who happened to be posted at the Coombe; some of the Liberty Rangers, and two small bodies of police. Even the Viceroy's guard in Phœnix Park was not increased, and remained at its usual quota of one officer and twelve men until late in the night. That the Lord Chancellor, Kilwarden, was also uninformed of the contemplated rising is evident from the fact that at the actual hour of the outbreak he drove unguarded through Thomas-street, and fell a victim to the excesses of the mob. Fitzgerald, early in the evening of the 23rd July, while passing the Old Custom House Barracks, in Essex-street, noticed General Dunn giving directions to the soldiers, ordering them to allow no one in and to transfer all the women outside. About six o'clock, while endeavouring to cash a draft of £500 for Emmet, he was informed by one of the bank runners that "news of an intended insurrection had reached Government." As early as 7.30 in the evening a body of twenty-four workmen seized the arms in the Mansion House, and marched down Dame-street and passed the Lower Castle Yard, on their way to Thomas-street. Although it was a bright summer evening, and it was impossible that the party should have escaped observation, they met with no opposition whatever from the authorities. Fitzgerald, at "half past seven," walked through the Castle Yard. "There were no preparations; the place was perfectly quiet and silent; the gates were wide open!" As late as a quarter before nine one of Miles Byrne's men passed through the Castle Yard from Ship-street. The greatest silence and quietness prevailed, and not the least movement of troops was to be perceived.

Robert Emmet relied on having a large number of trustworthy men at his disposal; but through the treachery of spies who had succeeded in gaining



GREEN-STREET COURTHOUSE.

From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

his confidence, and through the dissemination of false intelligence amongst his followers, he was deprived of those who would have proved valuable allies; and as the evening approached he was surrounded by men who, by their subsequent excesses, proved themselves to be the very dregs of the population —the *sans culottes* of a large city—ever ready, in times of popular tumult, to associate themselves with any cause, good or bad, which might afford an opportunity for pillage and plunder. Doubtless the "Battalion of Testimony" were well represented in the crowd. It is a very remarkable fact that Stafford and Quigley, who took a very prominent part in the events of the night, and who excited the greatest suspicion of treachery, by their conduct, were afterwards very leniently treated by the Government, a flaw being discovered in their indictment. Another approver who secured Government protection admitted, on the trial of Redmond, to being the miscreant who prevented Mr. Wolfe's escape and caused him to be murdered in Thomas-street. Bernard Duggan, one of the superintendents of the depôts, was largely in Emmet's confidence. Dr. Madden, in after years, relied upon him for many particulars of the insurrection of 1803. All readers of "The Sham Squire" are acquainted with the dramatic exposure of this scoundrel in 1843, when, after half a century of successful villainy, he was at length brought to book by the late Sir John Gray, in the presence of Haverty, the historian.

It is but just to Emmet's followers to state that many of them—and those, too, of the humblest rank—were devoted to the death to the cause in which they had embarked. Hope gives some particulars of one—Owen Kirwan—which shows him to have been infused with the same high spirit and dauntless resolution as his leader. "Owen Kirwan," says Hope, "was a tailor by trade, a dealer likewise in cast-off clothes, and lived in Plunkett-street. Information was given against him by a neighbour, who appeared as a witness against him. When under sentence his wife went to the gaol to take leave of him. They were a very good-looking couple, and both of them devoted to the cause for which the former was then suffering imprisonment and soon suffered on the scaffold. The wife was heard saying to her husband at parting with him, in reference probably to some proposal made to him: 'Owen, dear, I hope you will never disgrace your name and your family.' The young woman was dashed away with great violence, without giving her leave to say another word. The husband stripped off his coat and threw it to his wife at the door of the cell, saying to her: 'Sell that for something for our children.' He appeared at the place of execution without a coat. His body was given up to the family."

The time of assembly was from six to nine; but at the end of this period Emmet, instead of finding several thousand men under his command, could count on little over a hundred. These collected in and about the main depôt at Marshalsea-lane. The Kildare men, upon whom he placed special reliance, and who were to be under his personal direction, came into town early in the day, and, acting on false information, went back at five o'clock. The Wexford men, who, together with some of the Wicklow men, were under the command of Miles Byrne, assembled, to the number of 200 or 300, at the Coal-quay, near Ringsend, but received

ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, THOMAS-STREET.
(Place of Robert Emmet's execution.)

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

no orders throughout the night. The main body of the Wicklow men, under Dwyer, did not arrive, as the messengers who were sent from Dublin betrayed their trust and remained in or near the city. Large bodies of men under arms at Broadstone and other parts of the suburbs awaited a special rocket signal which was never fired. In Dublin itself it was given out that the rising was postponed until the following Wednesday.

At the headquarters at Marshalsea-lane the same state of unpreparedness was manifest. Treachery also appeared in the complete breakdown of every arrangement at the last moment. The slow matches were mixed with those that were instantaneous—the fuses for the grenades were mislaid—the fuses and rammers for the beams were forgotten—the cramp irons were not available—the scaling ladders unfinished.

As night approached, some of Emmet's adherents seeing the failure of the preparations, and dismayed by the non-appearance of help from the country districts, were in favour of abandoning the attempt. But Emmet, and many of those who were with him, still believed that the promised help would be forthcoming on the appearance of an armed body of insurgents in the streets ; and expressed themselves willing to sacrifice their lives rather than abandon the enterprise.

Emmet, with some of the most determined of his men, purposed obtaining access to the Castle by means of hackney coaches, in which they hoped to enter without exciting suspicion. At the appointed hour a man named Howley was sent to obtain several of these from the Essex-bridge stand, on the northern side of the quays. It was intended that they should be brought along the quays across Queen's-bridge and up Bridgefoot-street to the depôt. Howley, on entering Bridgefoot-street with the coaches, observed a countryman fighting with a soldier ; at the same moment an officer named Brown interfered on behalf of the soldier. Howley came to the countryman's assistance, drew a pistol, and shot the officer dead. As he then saw the guard approaching he had to abandon the coaches and seek safety in flight.

Towards nine o'clock Quigley rushed into the depôt and raised a false alarm by crying out : "We are all lost, the army is coming on us." Emmet immediately donned his uniform, gave a few hurried orders to those about him, and with sword drawn sallied out at the head of his men into Thomas-street. Pikes were quickly distributed to those waiting outside, a single rocket was fired as signal, and the whole party proceeded through Thomas-street in the direction of the Castle. Emmet from the outset was deprived of the services of the gentlemen leaders, who, although in the neighbourhood, seem to have taken no part whatever in the attempt. The party had not proceeded far until the character of some of the men nominally under his command became manifest. The utmost insubordination prevailed. Many of the armed stragglers in the rear, who were under the influence of drink, began indiscriminate attacks, which had for their only objects plunder and assassination. A Mr. Leech was torn from a passing hackney coach and savagely attacked, a few moments later the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was stopped by the crowd in Thomas-street. The Chief Justice, who was on his way to attend a meeting of the Privy Council in the

Castle was accompanied by his daughter and his nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe. The latter gentleman was killed almost instantly ; and Kilwarden was so badly wounded that he died a few hours afterwards at the watch-house in Vicar-street.

It is generally believed that the murder of Kilwarden—who was a just and humane judge, deservedly popular —was the unpremeditated act of a ferocious rabble. It has also been stated that on this fatal occasion Kilwarden was mistaken for Lord Norbury, then the most universally execrated judge in the land. James Hope believed the murder to have been an act of private vengeance on the part of a man named Shannon, committed under the mistaken notion that Kilwarden was responsible for the execution of his (Shannon's) brother some years before.

Emmet, after many ineffectual attempts to restore some semblance of order or discipline, halted his party at the square of the Old Market House, which stood between John-street and Francis-street. Here intelligence of the attack upon Kilwarden was brought to him, and he immediately proceeded to the scene of the outrage. His first care was to place the unfortunate Miss Wolfe in a place of safety at a neighbouring house ; "and it is worthy of observation," says Dr. Madden, "that in the midst of this scene of sanguinary tumult no injury or insult was offered to her, or attempted to be offered to her, by the infuriated rabble."

Emmet, though sanguine, ardent, brave even to rashness, and unwilling to abandon the enterprise while the remotest chance of success remained, now became convinced of the hopelessness of continuing the attempt. Accompnied by a few of the leaders who remained faithful to him, he withdrew from the scene.

A party of military now made their appearance at Cutpurse-row and began firing on the crowd, most of whom were without firearms, and soon the rout became general. A determined attack was made by the insurgents on a guard house at the Coombe, and several soldiers were killed ; but owing to the lack of proper communication between Emmet's followers stationed in different parts of the city, and to the other causes already stated, nothing like an effective resistance could be offered to the military, and the entire outbreak was completely quelled in less than an hour.

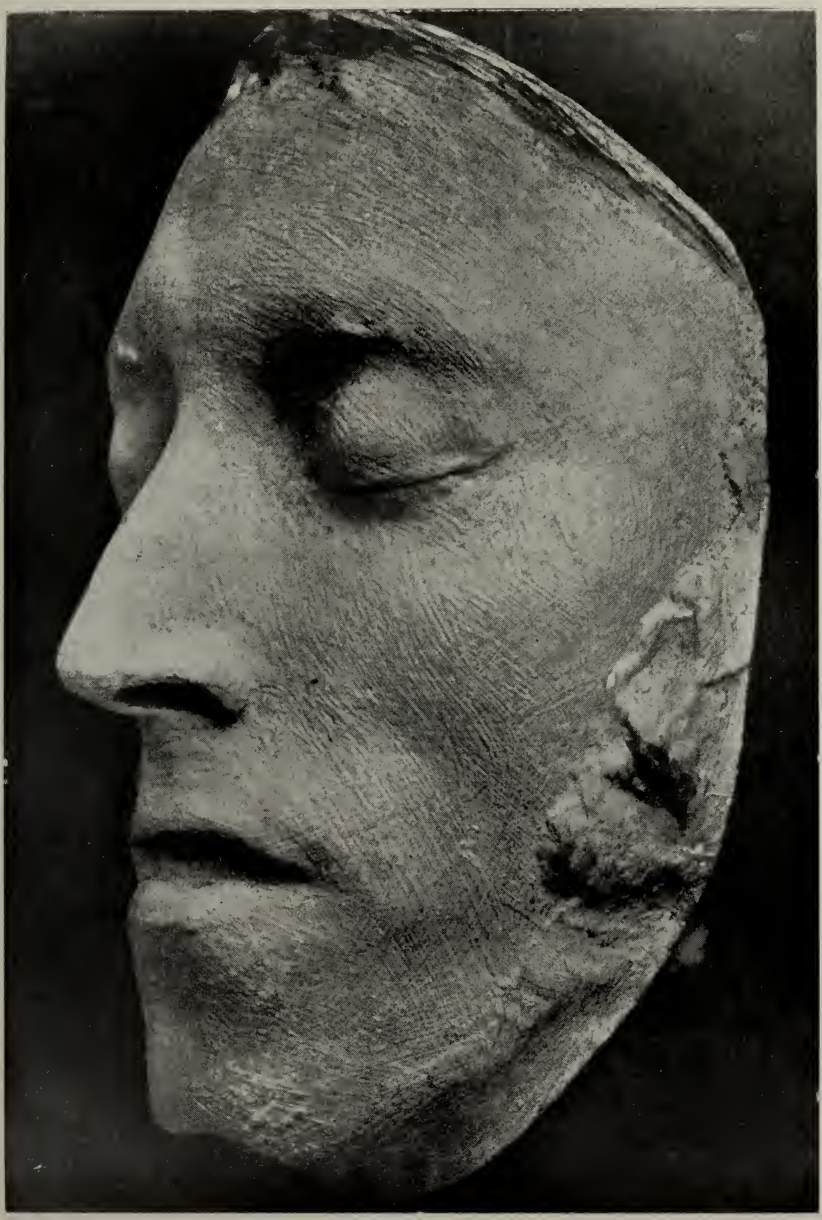
Robert Emmet stated in his "Account of the late Plan of Insurrection in Dublin, and Cause of its Failure,"—a statement which he drew up in order that it might be forwarded to his brother after his execution :—"I would have given it the respectability of insurrection, but I did not wish uselessly to spill blood : I gave no signal for the rest, and they all escaped."

Emmet returned on the night of the insurrection, with Quigley and one or two others, to the house at Rathfarnham, where he hoped to intercept Dwyer and the Wicklow men, and so prevent an ineffectual rising in that county. The house was in charge of Anne Devlin, a niece of Michael Dwyer and the trusted servant of Robert Emmet, a heroic woman, whose constancy and devotion to the young patriot have placed her name in eternal association with his in the minds of the people. The party arrived at Rathfarnham about eleven o'clock. The words used by Anne Devlin on seeing them, she never afterwards forgot ; they were destined to be indelibly burnt into her brain in time to come.

"Oh, bad welcome to you; is the world lost by you, you cowards that you are, to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them." Robert Emmet replied simply, "Don't blame me, the fault is not mine." In the inquisitions and tortures to which she was afterwards subjected in prison, these words were often repeated to her as a proof that further concealment on her part was useless, as her persecutors were already in possession of full evidence of Emmet's complicity. Suspicion points to Quigley as being the traitor who accompanied Emmet to his place of concealment. Even at this time Emmet and some of his companions attributed the failure of the insurrection in the city to this man's extraordinary conduct in giving the false alarm. The party stopped at Butterfield-lane on the night of the 23rd July; but the next day, on hearing that the house was to be searched, they were compelled to flee to the mountains. They spent portion of the morning of the 26th July at the house of a farmer named Doyle, at Ballymace, Tallaght, and the night of the same day was spent at the house of a woman named Bagnal, at Ballynascorney, a mile further up the hills. This latter house was left on the night of the 27th.

Shortly after Emmet and his associates left Butterfield-lane a party of yeomen, accompanied by a magistrate, searched the house. Anne Devlin was the sole occupant, and upon being interrogated, refused to give the slightest information regarding the late tenant, "Mr. Ellis." Failing to find the object of their search, the enraged soldiery resorted to the torture of "half-hanging"—amongst the yeomanry and military a favourite method of extracting information, and one which was applied impartially to both women and children. The devoted young woman was forced against a wall and prodded with the points of bayonets until covered with blood. A cart standing in the yard was then tilted, and a rope was attached to the shafts, and one end of it placed about her neck. Her constant reply to the questions addressed to her was: "I have nothing to tell, I will tell nothing." She was time after time raised from the ground and strangled into unconsciousness. But she never faltered in her resolution, and her baffled tormentors at length withdrew without obtaining any clue to the whereabouts of Emmet.

Dr. Madden thus describes a visit which he paid to Butterfield-lane many years afterwards. "In the summer of 1843, accompanied by Anne Devlin, I proceeded to Butterfield-lane to ascertain the fact of the existence or non-existence of the house in which Robert Emmet had resided for some months in 1803. For a length of time our search was fruitless. The recollection of a locality at the expiration of forty years is a very dim sort of reminiscence. There was no house in the lane, the the exterior of which reminded my conductress of her old scene of suffering. At length her eye caught an old range of buildings at some distance, like the offices of a farm-house. This she at once recognized as part of the premises of her father, and she soon was able to point out the well-known fields around it, which had once been in her father's possession. The house, alongside of which we were standing, on the right-hand side of the lane going from Rathfarnham-road, she said must be the house of Mr. Emmet, though the entrance was entirely altered; however, the position of an adjoining house left little doubt on her mind. We knocked at the door, and I found the house was



DEATH MASK OF ROBERT EMMET.
In possession of Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.
From "The Emmet Family."

inhabited by a lady of my acquaintance, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, who had been, strange to say, the college friend and most intimate acquaintance of Robert Emmet, the late Dr. Hayden, of Rathcoole.

"The lady of the house, in whom I discovered an acquaintance, left us no doubt on the subject of the locality—we were in the house that had been tenanted by Robert Emmet. The scene that ensued is one more easily conceived than described. We were conducted over the house—my aged companion at first in silence, and then, as if slowly awakening from a dream, rubbing her dim eyes, and here and there pausing for some moments when she came to some recognized spot. On the ground-floor she pointed out a small room, on the left-hand of the entrance—'That's the room where Mr. Dowdall and Mr. Hamilton used to sleep.' The entrance had been changed from about the centre to the right-hand end; the window of a small room there has been converted into the door-way, and the room itself into the hall. This,' said Anne Devlin, 'was my room; I know it well—my mattress used to be in that corner.' There was one place, every corner and cranny of which she seemed to have a familiar acquaintance with, and that was the kitchen. On the upper floor, the principal bed-room at the present time attracted her particular attention; she stood for some time gazing into the room from the door-way; I asked her whose room it had been. It was a good while before I got an answer in words, but her trembling hands, and the few tears which came from a deep source, and spoke of sorrow of an old date, left no necessity to repeat that question—it was the room of Robert Emmet."

In after years, Dr. Madden, during his residence in Ireland, nobly befriended the faithful servant of Robert Emmet; and after her death erected a handsome monument to her memory in Glasnevin cemetery.

Emmet now proceeded to the Wicklow mountains, where his friends tried to prevail on him to leave the country at once, and measures were taken to secure a safe passage for him to America. But before leaving Ireland he determined to have a last interview with Sarah Curran. With this object in view, he returned, about the first week in August, to Palmer's, of Harold's-cross. As the house stood on the main road by which Curran and the members of his family passed into the city from Rathfarnham, Emmet doubtless saw the object of his affections drive past on many occasions; and through the agency of Anne Devlin, who conveyed several letters between the lovers, he doubtless obtained the sought-for interview.

Miles Byrne in his "Memoirs" states that: "Both Mr. John Patten and Mr. Philip Long endeavoured to persuade Emmet of the urgent necessity of his going at once to France; to which he replied that it should never be said of him that he had abandoned the brave people implicated through his means."

From a paper which was found on Emmet at his arrest it would appear that he did not accept the failure of the late insurrection as a death-blow to the hopes of the United Irishmen. With characteristic indomitability he may have contemplated organizing another attempt. But whatever may have been the cause of his dalliance at Harold's-cross, it was destined to prove fatal to him. The authorities learned of his place of concealment, and at 6 o'clock

DEATH MASK OF ROBERT EMMET
At one time in possession of Major Sandys.
The National Gallery of Ireland.

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

on the evening of the 25th August Major Sirr suddenly entered the house and surprised Emmet, who was in the act of sitting down to dinner. While Major Sirr was pursuing his investigations in other parts of the house Emmet was placed in charge of a sentry from whom he twice tried to escape. Afterwards, as Emmet was found to be bleeding from wounds received in the encounter with his guard, some apology was offered him for the rough treatmen he had suffered, to which he merely replied: "All is fair in war."

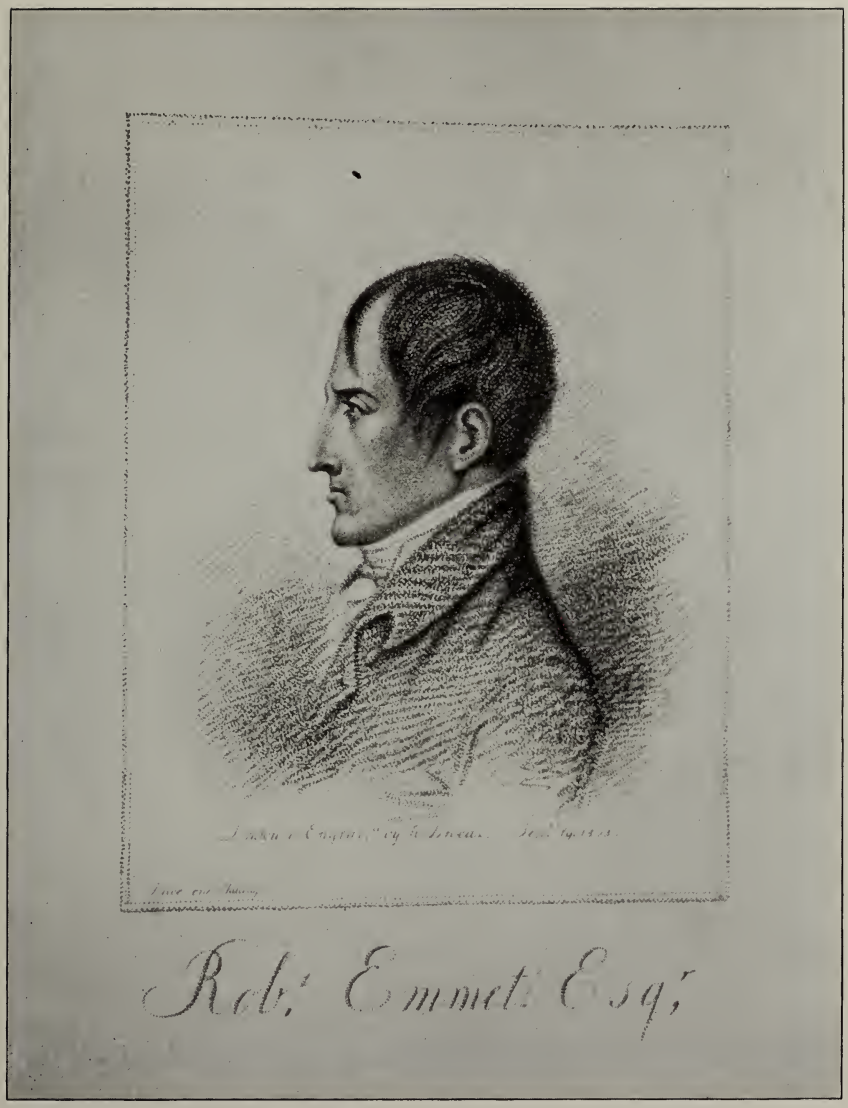
In the Secret Service Money Book the following entry occurs :—

1803	£	s.	d.
Nov. 5. Finlay & Co., acc. of Richard Jones (to be replaced to this account hereafter) ...	1000	0	0

This is the same amount as that which was paid "F. H.," for the discovery of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It is supposed to be the amount paid to the person who betrayed Emmet's place of concealment. The name of this informer has never been discovered. In the warrant obtained by Dr. Emmet from amongst the Castle State papers and herewith reproduced it will be noticed that £300 is ordered to be paid to Major Sirr and an additional sum of £300 to be paid to some party unknown for services rendered in connection with Emmet's arrest. In "The Emmet Family" the author in referring to this document says: "After the trial and the disposal of the victim it became necessary to give 'the pieces of silver' to the person who had betrayed Emmet's place of concealment. It will be seen from the reproduction that the name given in the warrant with Major Sirr's is one borne by a family closely connected for a century at least with this branch of the Emmet family. On obtaining possession of this paper, it was suspected by the writer that this individual may have been the informer as to Robert Emmet's place of concealment. But on investigation it is made evident that the William Taylor mentioned was a clerk in the employment of the Government whose special business was in connection with the disbursement of the Secret Service Money. This warrant is signed by Alexander Marsden, Under Secretary in the Civil Department of the Chief Secretary's Office."

After Emmet's arrest he was transferred to Kilmainham Gaol. Here he was placed under the immediate espionage of the infamous Dr. Trevor. In a commission afterwards appointed to inquire into this man's conduct his detestable character was fully exposed. The evil genius of the prison, an inquisitor with paramount power superseding the governor himself, he sought by a system of terrorizing, torturing and spying, to extract information from the prisoners. The statement made by the unfortunate prisoners who had been in his power reads like some dark page from the history of the Bastile or a revelation of the secrets of some dungeoned keep of the Middle Ages, rather than an account of the daily routine of a prison in Ireland one hundred years ago.

Trevor affected a great sympathy for Emmet, and with the connivance of the governor and one of the gaolers, suggested to him a plan of escape. Written communications were allowed to pass between Emmet and his cousin, St. John Mason, who was imprisoned in another part of the gaol; their intimate friend, Fitzgerald, was allowed to visit them and unconsciously assist in the deception. Copies of the communications thus intercepted were



SKETCH OF ROBERT EMMET, DRAWN AT THE TRIAL, BY BROCAS.
From a rare print in The Joly Collection, The National Library of Ireland.

sent to Dublin Castle. By these inhuman means the officials sought to obtain additional evidence against the inmates of the gaol, and to incriminate their friends and associates. When Emmet was leaving the gaol on the day of his execution Trevor, consistently acting his part to the last, folded him in his arms with every show of sympathy and affection. Upon the same occasion Robert Emmet confided to his care a letter addressed to his brother at Paris, furnishing, as he thought, the only means of enabling him to judge justly of his attempt. Trevor promised faithfully to deliver it. But Emmet's last solemn injunction was disregarded, and the letter was handed over to the authorities.

Robert Emmet was brought up for trial at a Special Commission in Green-street, on Monday, 19th September, 1803, before Lord Norbury, Mr. Baron George, and Mr. Baron Daly. The counsel assigned him were Messrs Ball, Burrowes, and M'Nally. Mr. Standish O'Grady—a nominee of Mr. Under-Secretary Marsden—who had been lately appointed Attorney-General, prosecuted for the Crown. Mr. Conyngham Plunket, K.C., took the place of Solicitor-General.

The Attorney-General, in his address, described the rebellion as "unexampled for wanton wickedness in any country, ancient or modern," and adverted to the poverty and humble condition of those of Emmet's followers whom it had been considered advisable to arrest. While holding their efforts up to ridicule, he took occasion to refer with peculiar unction to "the Government of the Most Gracious of Sovereigns, and that equally mild Administration executing his authority."

Through the advice of Emmet's counsel, M'Nally, no defence was made, either by replying to the prosecution, or by calling witnesses. It was expected, in view of the overwhelming evidence produced against the prisoner, that the counsel who acted as Solicitor-General would adopt the usual procedure, and waive his right of addressing the Court. But Conyngham Plunket, "the bosom intimate of Thomas Addis Emmet, the companion of his childhood, and the friend of his youth," was not to be denied so inviting an occasion for the display of his new-found zeal in the service of those whom, but a few short years before, he had denounced as "tyrants, robbers, enemies to be resisted to the death." Fresh laurels were to be gained—that they should be gathered by the open grave of Robert Emmet, the brother of his early friend, and crimsoned by the blood of one who had, alas! accepted, but too literally, the rhapsodical flights of the "patriot orator" of pre-Union days, mattered little to the wily and ambitious Conyngham Plunket. The too-assured fate of the silent and defenceless prisoner was to be still further embittered. The future Lord Chancellor of Ireland, burning with virtuous indignation, rose and addressed the Court in a long and virulent philippic, ending with an objurgation which sounded as a malediction upon the prisoner and his associates; "as it [their cause] is atrocious, wicked, and abominable, I must devoutly invoke that God to confound and overwhelm it."

Throughout the long hours of the day the prisoner in the dock kept a silent vigil, save, perhaps, when M'Nally made some pretence to cross-examine a witness, he stopped him with the remark, "No, no—the man's speaking truth," or when addressing his counsel Burrows, "Pray, do not attempt to defend me—it is all in vain."

COPY OF AN ENGRAVING FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY PETRIE, AT ONE TIME IN POSSESSION OF SIR JONAH BARRINGTON
From The Joly Collection, The National Library of Ireland.

Once, too, a bystander handed him some sprigs of lavender—refreshing in the heated courthouse. They were instantly snatched from him for fear of poison—a precaution which merely caused the prisoner to smile scornfully.

The night was already far advanced when the prosecuting counsel had concluded his speech. In the grim ceremonial no interval occurred, no pause was made—Lord Norbury charged the jury, and without leaving the box they pronounced the verdict—Guilty.

In reply to the Clerk of the Crown's question as to "Why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded according to law?" Emmet delivered his now world-famous death-speech, an oration which has been justly described as the most remarkable ever delivered beneath the shadow of the scaffold, and which, in itself, remains as an imperishable monument to his memory. As an assertion of mental supremacy—an elevation of mind and indomitability of soul preserved under circumstances well calculated to appal the bravest heart—these remarkable utterances are likely to remain without a parallel. His words came fused at white heat from a soul burning with hatred of tyranny and oppression: in comparison the studied rhetoric of his accusers glimmers pale and uneffectual. In language of rare beauty and dignity he appeals to the judgment of posterity, and upholds to the last the principles for which he offers up his life.

Time after time, in pursuance of a settled plan, the presiding judge (Lord Norbury) interrupts the prisoner, and endeavours to break the thread of his discourse by disconcerting and irritating remarks. Emmet meets the attacks of his adversary with telling force. Every word breathes scorn of his oppressors—of "that unhallowed minister"—"mere remnant of mortality," who sits in judgment on his actions. Even the coarse and brutal Norbury, steeled to barbarity by years of bloodshed, blenches before the fire of Emmet's impassioned eloquence, and feels the sting of those biting and scorching words which penetrate to the innermost recesses of even *his* callous soul.

It is a noteworthy fact that the most brilliant passages in the address were delivered impromptu in response to Lord Norbury's interruptions. The judge's reference to the prisoner's father, the late Dr. Emmet, called forth the magnificent apostrophe: "If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concern and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life."

The address was in itself remarkable as a physical effort, as the prisoner had remained in the dock without any interval for rest or refreshment during the whole progress of the trial, from 9.30 in the morning until 10.30 at night.

"Emmet pronounced the speech in so loud a voice as to be distinctly heard at the outer doors of the courthouse; yet, though he spoke in a loud tone, there was nothing boisterous in its delivery, or forced or affected in his manner; his accents and cadence of voice, on the contrary, were exquisitely modulated. His action was very remarkable; its greater or less vehemence corresponding to the rise and fall of his voice." He is described

as "moving about the dock, as he warmed in his address, with rapid but not ungraceful motions, now in front of the railing before the bench, then retiring, as if his body as well as his mind were swelling beyond the measure of his chains."

At the conclusion of Emmet's address Lord Norbury pronounced the sentence of death, which was ordered to be carried out upon the next day, Tuesday. Emmet was then removed to Newgate Prison which adjoined the courthouse. Here he was placed in one of the condemned cells and heavily ironed by Gregg, the gaoler. But his few remaining hours of life were destined to be still further disturbed. After midnight an order came from the Castle to transfer him for further security to the prison-fortress of Kilmainham to which place he was conveyed under a heavy escort.

To the end Emmet displayed the most unostentatious fortitude, the serenity of one who can look upon the face of death without faltering or misgiving. He spent portion of the night preceding his execution in writing letters; and in the morning he was visited by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. Gamble, who remained with him throughout the day. At 10 o'clock in the morning he was visited by M'Nally, who conveyed to him the intelligence of his mother's death. At 12 o'clock, shortly before he left the gaol for the place of execution, he wrote a letter to Richard Curran. It was evidently intended as a farewell message to Sarah Curran as well as to her brother. In it the following beautiful passage occurs:—"My love, Sarah! It was not thus I thought to have requited your affection. I did hope to be a prop, round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken: but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave." But reverting to the imminence of the dread ordeal before him, he concludes with the characteristic observation:—"This is no time for affliction. I have had public motives to sustain my mind and I have not suffered it to sink."

Thomas-street, the scene of the outbreak, was selected by the authorities as the place of execution. The scaffold was erected at the corner of a lane at St. Catherine's Church, at the head of Bridgefoot-street, and within sight of Marshalsea-lane, the late headquarters of the insurgents. The direct route to the place of execution was not taken, but a detour was made, which necessitated crossing and recrossing the river.

About 1.30 p.m. Emmet was placed in a carriage, accompanied by the Ordinary of Newgate and another clergyman. The carriage, which was surrounded by a strong guard of infantry and cavalry, travelled at a slow and solemn pace to the place of execution. After leaving the prison the melancholy cortège proceeded towards Sarah's Bridge (now Island Bridge) which was crossed. The course then taken was by way of Barrack-street (now Benburb-street) on the north side of the Liffey. The river was recrossed at Queen's Bridge when, by proceeding through Bridgefoot-street, Thomas-street was reached.

Some records of the fatal journey have been preserved, not wanting in pathetic import. On leaving the gaol he passed a Catholic priest whom he had known in better times, and seeing the priest's expression of profound sympathy, he pulled the seal from his fob-ribbon and handed it to him as a last memento. It bore the significant

ALLEGED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds
St. Michan's Churchyard, Church-street, Dublin.

design of a willow prostrated by the storm, and the motto, "Alas! my country."*

He was not accorded the privilege of taking leave of his friends; nor of her to whom his memory was to remain as a heritage of sorrow. Yet it is recorded the lovers contrived to exchange a last farewell on the journey to the scaffold. On the fatal morning, near the gaol, at the entrance to the Royal Hospital, a coach was drawn up. In it might be seen the figure of a lady—her face buried in her handkerchief. As the coach containing Emmet approached, he leaned towards the window, gazing long and intently towards the occupant of the other coach, and waved his hand several times. The lady, rising in the carriage, waved her handkerchief in reply. For a few moments their eyes met in a mute farewell: the lady was seen to sink back overcome with grief as the coach which conveyed her lover to his inexorable doom slowly passed and disappeared.

Later, in passing one of the streets, he attempted to drop a paper to a friend in the crowd. It was intended as a last message to Miss Curran, but it never reached her. It was intercepted by the authorities and transmitted to the Castle to be conned over by the officials and was pronounced "a very affecting and interesting letter."

* In "The Emmet Family," Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet states that the seal here referred to was presented to him by Dr. Madden, in whose possession it had been for some fifty years. He also states that unfortunately the name of the priest to whom it was originally given "has now been forgotten by the writer, but on his death he willed the seal to his friend, Dr. Madden. The doctor stated, when he gave it to the writer, that he had fully verified its authenticity on the evidence of several persons who had been present at the time and had witnessed the occurrence. In addition he stated that the seal had been fully identified by his friend, Mr. John Patten, who recognized it beyond question as the one he had seen his kinsman, Robert Emmet, wear for some time."

To the end Emmet seemed entirely ignorant of fear and indifferent to the "artificial terrors" that surrounded him. Even his enemies were compelled to pay an unwilling tribute to his heroism, though with a malignity stretching beyond the grave, he was described as displaying effrontery and nonchalance; and an indifference to his fate arising from deistical principles. It is related that in passing through the streets he smilingly exchanged greetings with old friends and associates whom he recognised in the crowd —the calmness of his demeanour contrasting forcibly with the agitation and grief of the people who lined the route to the place of execution.

The scaffold was a temporary structure formed by laying boards on empty barrels that were placed in the middle of the street. Two upright posts, some twelve or fifteen feet high, rising through the platform, supported the transverse beam from which hung the fatal rope, "black and greasy from the numbers it had launched into eternity." Underneath the beam, and about three feet from the platform, was placed a single narrow plank, supported on two slight ledges, and easily removable by the executioner. Upon this the prisoner was to stand at the last moment.

After the scaffold in Thomas-street was reached, Emmet remained about twenty minutes in the carriage with the clergyman. When he alighted he was conducted by the executioner to the ladder which led to the scaffold. In a few moments he reached the platform and stood revealed to the crowd assembled below. Untouched by "the purposed shame and ignominy of the scaffold" he wore the high look and bearing of one who dies in the holiest cause.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.
Aungier-street, Dublin.

[Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

Before the executioner began his final preparations, Emmet, in a few brief words, delivered to the people a last message of peace and good will. His voice rose clear and strong so as to be distinctly heard by those surrounding the scaffold—"its silver tones recalling to the recollection of his college friends those accents on which his hearers hung, in his wonderful displays on another theatre, and on occasions of a very different description." His last words were: "My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness towards all men."

He then shook hands with some persons on the platform, and, partially pinioned as he was, drew his watch from his pocket and presented it to the executioner, together with some silver and some halfpence. Immediately afterwards he took off his cravat with his own hands and assisted in placing the rope about his neck. He was then placed beneath the beam, and the cap drawn over his face. In his hand he held a handkerchief, the fall of which was to be the last signal for the executioner. Three times, at short intervals, the executioner addressed the question, "Are you ready, sir?" and on the third occasion, before Emmet replied, one end of the plank was tilted from the ledge.

. . . . . .

In a few moments his sufferings terminated: the high-souled and chivalrous Emmet was no more.

So perished the Leader of the Insurrection of 1803; one who loved his country "if not wisely yet too well," —young, gifted, eloquent, animated by the loftiest patriotism and love of mankind.

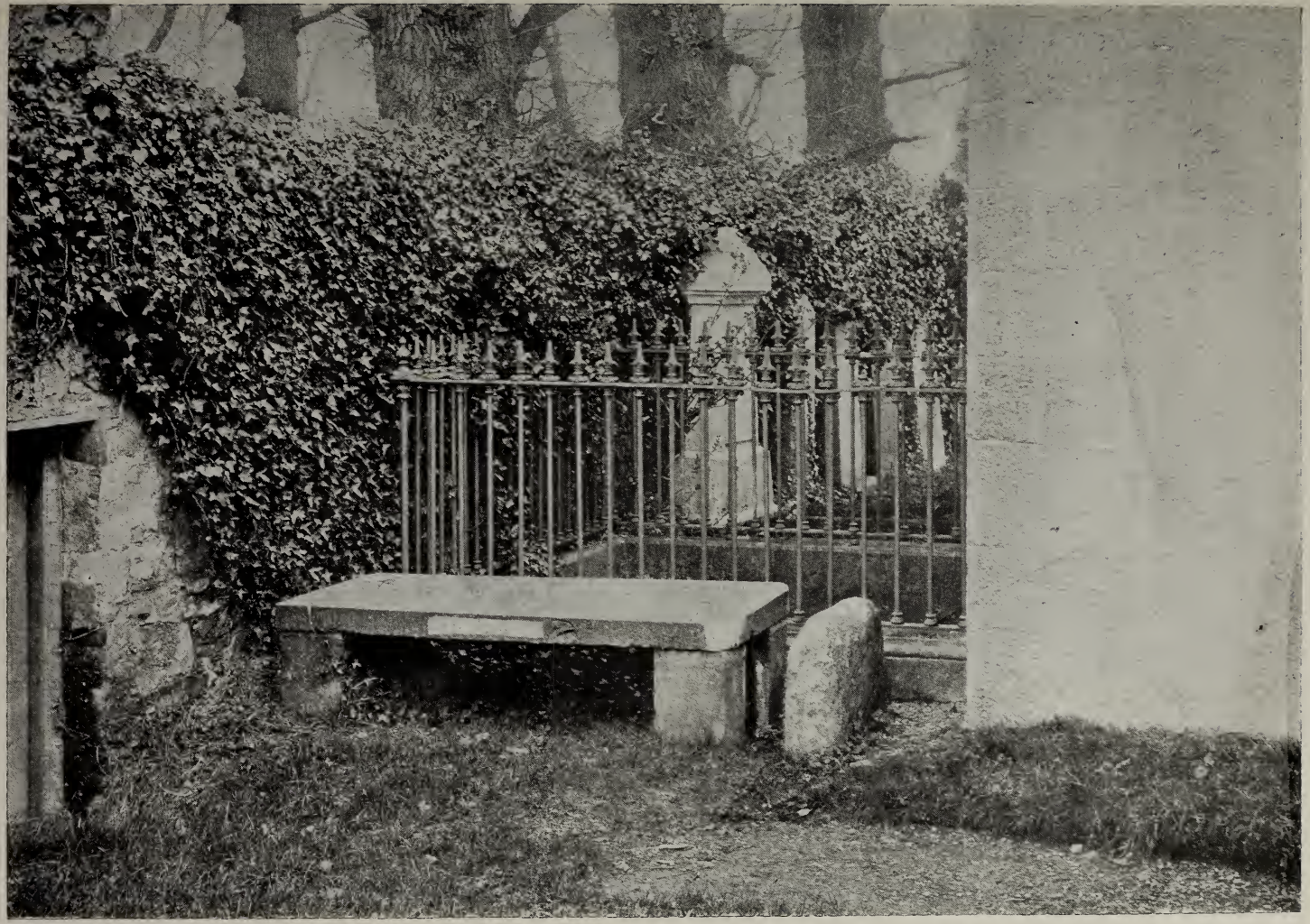
"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

. . . . . .

When the body hung about thirty minutes, it was taken down and extended upon a table, which stood on the scaffold. The head was struck from the body, grasped by the hair, and paraded in front of the gallows by the hangman, who proclaimed to the crowd "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." It is stated the features presented a "perfect expression of placidity and composure," but wore an extraordinary pallor, the result of the flow of blood from the head after decapitation. An hour or so after the execution, the dogs were observed lapping up the blood which had fallen on the pavement. Many of the people when unobserved by the sentinels, stole to the foot of the scaffold, and dipped handkerchiefs in the blood and carried them away to be preserved as so many precious mementoes. Immediately after the execution a broad-sheet was distributed by the Government giving a falsified account of Emmet's speech, especially as regarded his remarks upon the connection of the United Irishmen with the French Government.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet in "The Emmet Family" states that a broadside "giving an account of the execution and of the advice alleged to have been uttered by Emmet at his trial to the Irish people was distributed through the streets of Dublin as soon after the execution that, in a period lacking the enterprise of the present day, no other inference can be drawn but that it was printed before the event took place. If

OLD CHURCHYARD, GLASNEVIN. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.



ALLEGED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET.
Old Churchyard, Glasnevin.

[Photo. J. J Reynolds.

this be true it was done for a special purpose, as the British Government wished the Irish people to believe that Robert Emmet, at the last moment regretting his course, had urged all true Irishmen to forcibly resist any interference on the part of France.

"If a broadside as described was issued just after the trial, another in the possession of the writer, and which is reproduced, must have emanated from the same source on the following day; and while a somewhat truthful relation of the execution is given, the same purpose for its issue in regard to France is most evident."

"That marvellous power of fascination," says Dr. Madden, "which belonged to Robert Emmet, and gave him an influence over the feelings and affections of people of all conditions, of the most opposite characters, with whom he came in contact, to an extent that it is easier to estimate inadequately than to exaggerate, did not forsake him in his dungeon. Charles Phillips says there was a characteristic enthusiasm in his nature, of an heroic character, which, 'tempered as it was by the utmost amenity of manners, rendered him an object of love and admiration, even in his prison. Of his conduct there,' he observes, 'I have had, well authenticated, some very curious anecdotes.

"'One day, previous to his trial, as the governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly; and observing a rather remarkable expression on his countenance, he apologised for the interruption. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tress of hair. "You see," said he to the keeper, "how innocently I am occupied. This little tress has been long dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution." On the day of that fatal event, there was found sketched by his own hand, with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body, which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude do not the above traits of character exhibit! His fortitude, indeed, never for an instant forsook him. On the night previous to his death he slept as soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk which he drank, wrote two letters (one to his brother in America, and the other to the Secretary of State, enclosing it), and then desired the sheriffs to be informed he was ready. When they came into his room, he said he had two requests to make—one, that his arms might be left as loose as possible, which was humanely and instantly acceded to. "I make the other," said he, "not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it—it is, that I may be permitted to die in my uniform." This, of course, could not be allowed, and the request seemed to have had no other object than to show that he gloried in the cause for which he was to suffer. A remarkable example of his power, both over himself and others, occurred at this melancholy moment. He was passing out, attended by the sheriffs, and preceded by the executioner—in one of the passages stood the turnkey who had been personally assigned to him during his imprisonment; this poor fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes in

torrents. Emmet paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty—he kissed his cheek—and the man who had been for years the inmate of a dungeon, habituated to scenes of horror and hardened against their operation, fell senseless at his feet. Before his eyes had opened again upon this world, those of the youthful sufferer had closed on it for ever.'"

It is stated by Dr. Madden, that the black velvet stock worn by Emmet on the day of his execution was afterwards sold by auction in Dublin at the sale of the effects of a Mr. Samuel Rossborough which took place in December, 1832. A lock of hair was sewed on the inside of the lining, and marked "Miss C——"

Much discussion has arisen at various times regarding the identity of the man who acted as Emmet's executioner. In the year 1878, a correspondence took place in the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, regarding the name of the person who discharged this gruesome office. A letter appeared in that journal, dated "Ballina, County Mayo, 8th August, 1878," over the signature of "William Kearney, Civil Bill Officer." The writer stated that a man named Barney Moran, a native of Dublin, who had been a professional tramp, earning his bread as a ballad-singer, had just died at the Ballina Workhouse, after having made the important revelation that he was the actual executioner of Robert Emmet. He had reached his ninety-ninth year, and confessed that he was one of the soldiers who had assisted at the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in Thomas-street, in 1798. He also stated on his death-bed "that he was doing duty in Portobello Barracks when he accepted the blood-money for hanging Robert Emmet." Some short time after the appearance of this letter, another appeared in the same journal, which was at follows:—

To the Editor of the "Freeman."

The Lodge, Leinster-road, W.
22nd August, 1878.

Dear Sir,—I have read the correspondence in your journal referring to Emmet's execution. Permit me to state the following:—Years ago I was present when a man named Galvin was taunted by another person as being the son of Emmet's executioner. Galvin was under some obligations to me, and I took occasion subsequently to ask if it were true what the person stated. Galvin replied that it was—"that he was the son of Galvin the hangman, and that his father was the executioner of Robert Emmet, and that he felt the fact as a curse for ever clinging to him." Honoring, as I do, the memory of the heroic the devoted Robert Emmet, I may, perhaps, advance a further claim, however sentimental it may appear, for trespassing on your columns on this occasion—namely, that Sarah Curran and my mother were cousins.

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him."

— Yours,

Arthur Creagh Taylor.

In this connection it may also be stated that Dr. Madden refers to Galvin, the public executioner of the day, as the man who executed Emmet.

The words with which Emmet concluded his last speech have come to bear an additional significance—an added pathos—from the fact that even to the present day, one hundred years after his death, the locality of the young patriot's last resting-place remains unknown. "Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace: my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the

nations of the earth, *then*, and *not* till *then*, let my epitaph be written."

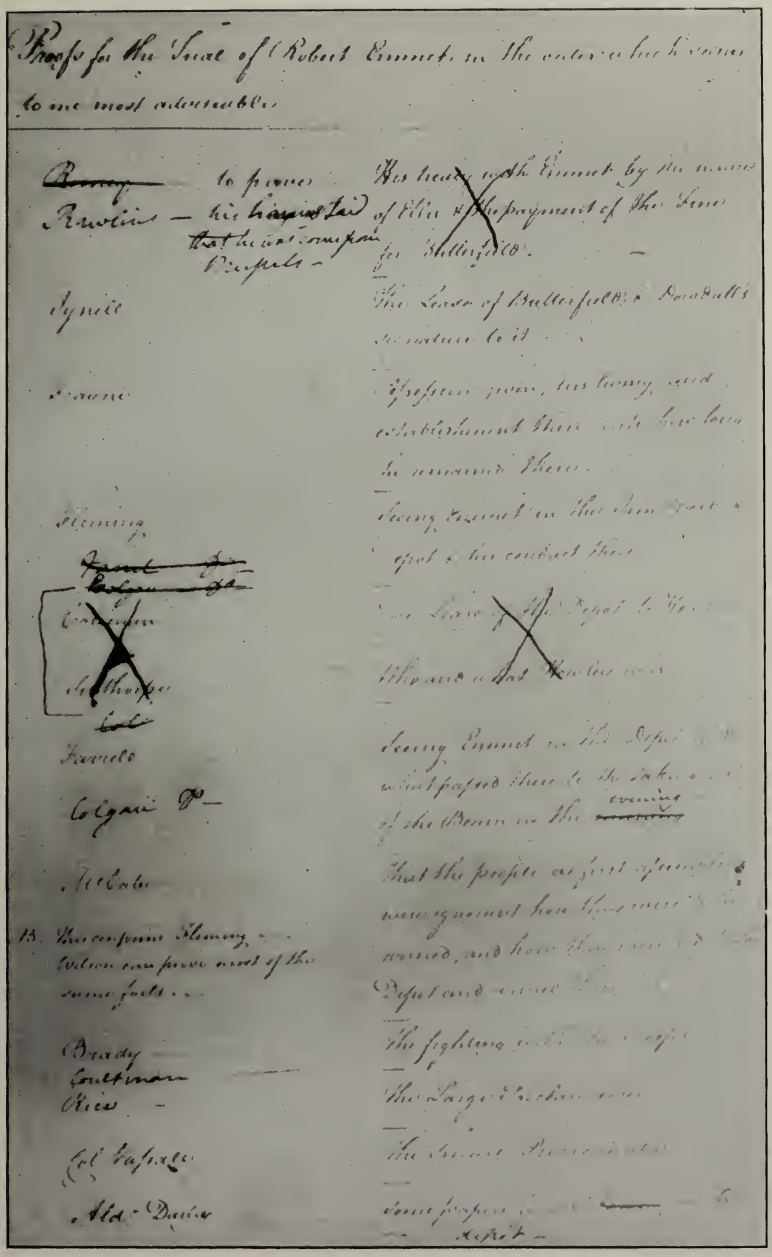
As almost all Emmet's immediate relatives were in prison at the time of his execution, and his other friends and associates for obvious reasons dared not appear to claim the body, very little direct evidence has been forthcoming regarding his place of interment. Amongst the places in the city of Dublin and its neighbourhood which have been claimed, in each case with more or less show of reason, as likely to contain the grave of Emmet may be. mentioned the Protestant church of St. Catherine's, Thomas-street; St. James's, James's-street; St. Ann's, Dawson-street: and also with much greater evidence of probability, the graveyard of Bully's Acre, Kilmainham; St. Peter's, Aungier-street; St. Michan's, Church-street; and the graveyard attached to the old Protestant church at Glasnevin.

No entry of the interment appears in the register of any of the churches named. St. Catherine's and St. James's appear to have been mentioned merely from the fact of their being near the place of execution in Thomas-street; and St. Ann's from the fact that one of Emmet's grandparents had been buried there.

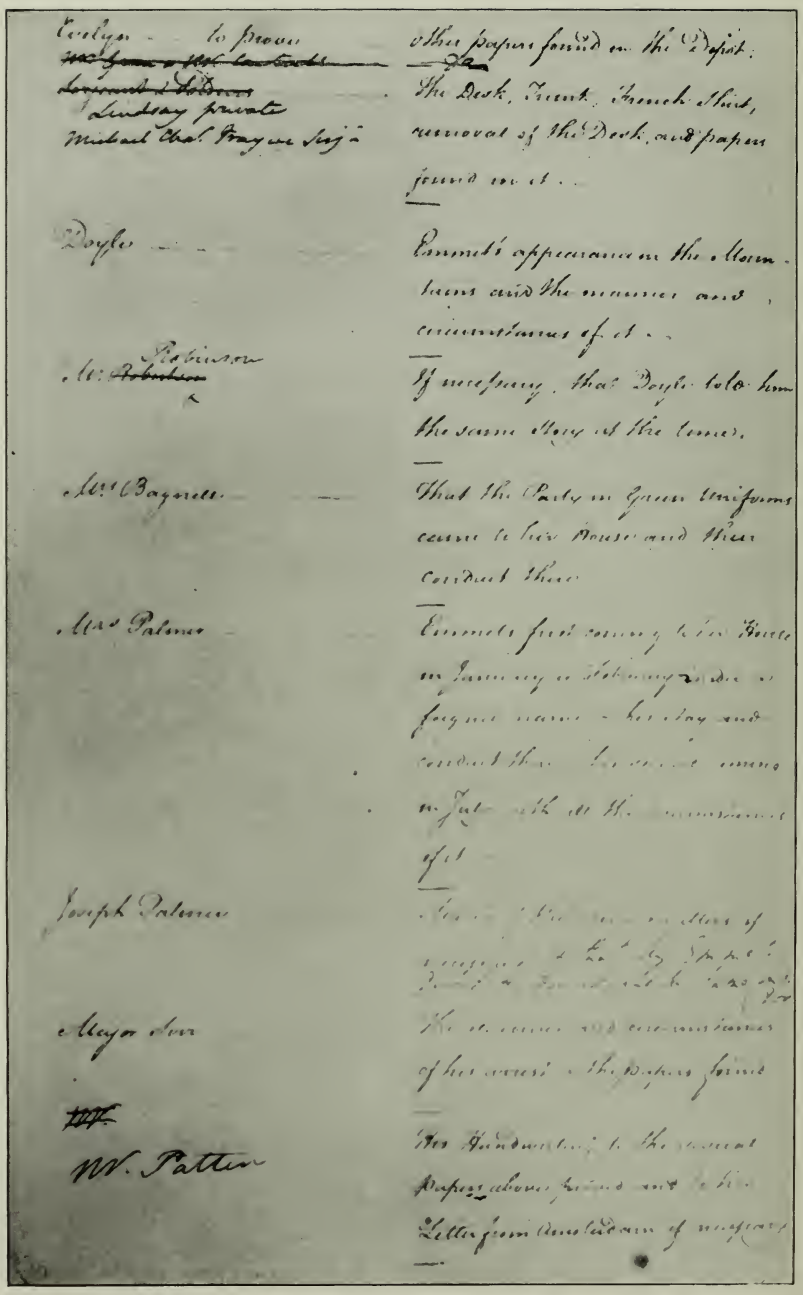
Dr. Madden in the last (1860) edition of his "United Irishmen" favoured the idea that Emmet was buried in St. Michan's, Church-street; but, as will appear, subsequently modified his opinion.

In 1836 Dr. Madden learned from Dunn, the governor of Kilmainham, that after Emmet's execution the body was conveyed to the prison and placed in the outer entry, with orders that if not immediately claimed it was to be buried in Bully's Acre, otherwise known as Hospital Fields—a historic spot, once the burial place of the illustrious kings and warriors of the Gael, but in later years "turned to baser uses" as a place of interment for executed criminals. While the body lay at the prison a gentleman, who subsequently was found to have been James Petrie, the artist, asked and obtained permission to take a cast of the face.

In this connection it may be stated that it is believed that more than one cast was taken by Petrie from the original matrix or mould, and that *copies* from these casts are also in existence. The Petrie mask, a photograph of which is here reproduced from "The Emmet Family," was, after being made, retained by the artist himself. The authenticity of the mask from which the photograph was taken was fully established by Dr. Madden. The cast, upon the death of Petrie, was sold amongst his other effects and purchased by a dealer in curiosities residing in Liffey-street, Dublin, from whom it was afterwards purchased by a Mr. Ray. It was identified by Mr. Patten, brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet; and subsequently passed into the possession of Dr. Madden. After the death of Dr. Madden the mask was purchased by the late Dr. Kenny. Upon his decease it was presented by a friend to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, and it is now in his possession. The photograph which is here reproduced was obtained by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet when in Ireland in 1880. In a recent communication upon this subject Dr. Emmet states that through the misdirected zeal of one of Dr. Madden's servants the cast was covered by a thick coat of white paint which, afterwards, it was not thought advisable to remove for fear of some accident, but Dr. Emmet adds "if it were successfully done it



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL BRIEF OF ROBERT EMMET'S TRIAL.
Now in the possession of Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.
From "The Emmet Family."



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL BRIEF OF ROBERT EMMET'S TRIAL.

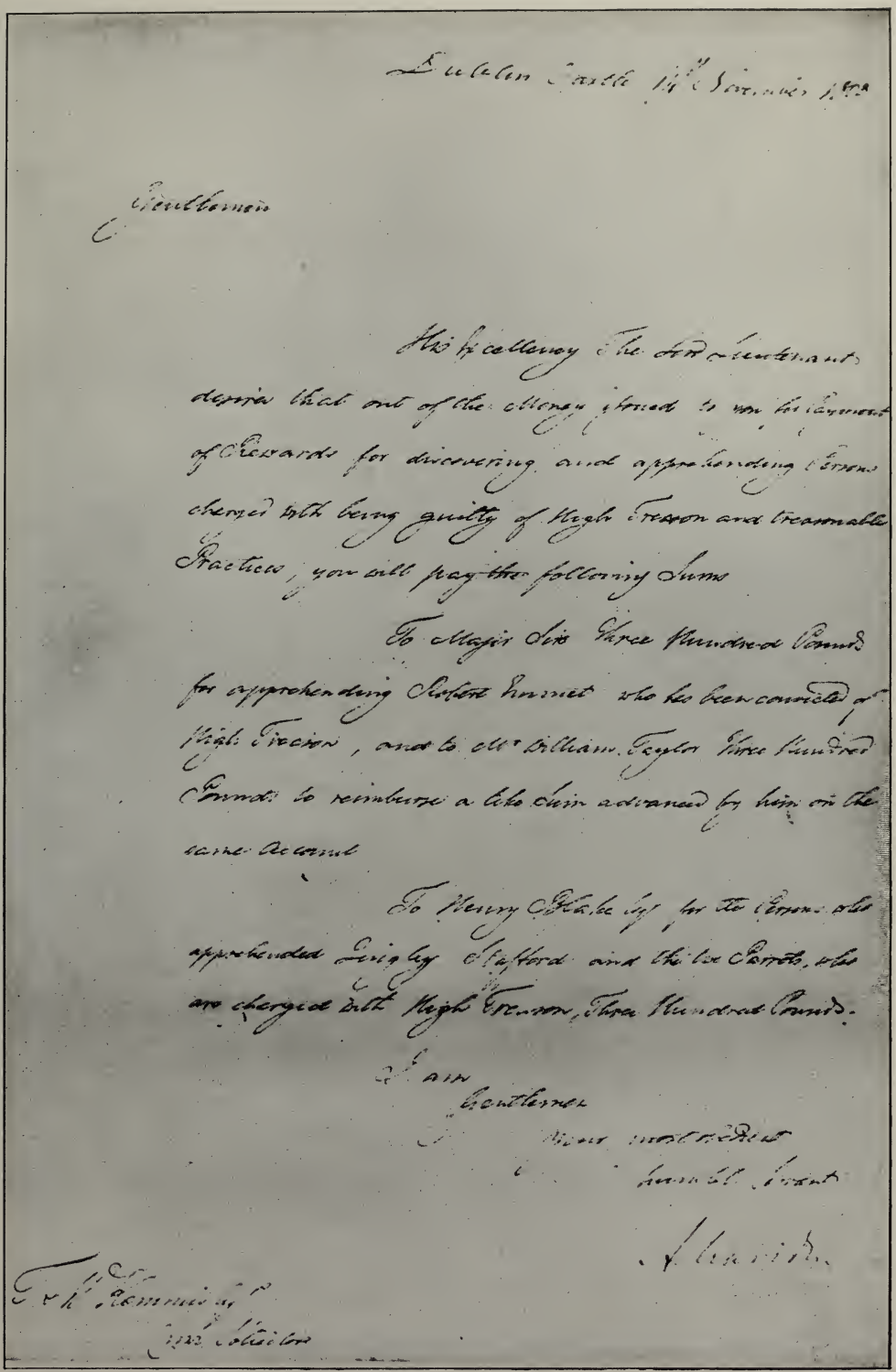
FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL BRIEF OF ROBERT EMMET'S TRIAL.

would show the lines and clear-cut angles of the features which do not now appear."

The other authentic death-mask here reproduced is at present in The National Gallery of Ireland. It was originally in the possession of Major Sandys and was obtained, for the purpose of being placed in the National Gallery, from some members of his family. It is interesting as showing the striking intellectual development of the forehead. The features display a remarkable placidity although the face appears somewhat older than that represented in the profile mask already referred to.

James Petrie, at Emmet's trial, drew a rough sketch of the prisoner on the back of an envelope. The drawing, which is now in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, was the original of the well-known picture of Robert Emmet in which he is represented standing with folded arms in the court-room at Green-street. Despite its wide-spread popularity it has not been considered a successful portrait by those best qualified to judge.

The portrait by Comerford, a copy of which is reproduced by permission from "The Emmet Family," has been pronounced a faithful likeness of the young patriot by his relatives and contemporaries, and is probably the best picture of Robert Emmet in existence. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who has the originals in his possession, gives, in "The Emmet Family," the following interesting particulars regarding the portraits:—"No likeness of Robert Emmet is known to have existed previous to the time of his trial, the two portraits which have been reproduced being from sketches taken at that time. The finished sketch was done by Comerford, and the other was drawn by the elder Petrie. Comerford at that time was a noted miniature painter in Dublin, and it is said he drew the outline of Emmet's face hastily on a piece of brown paper held in the palm of his hand finishing it afterwards at home. He had to catch the likeness very rapidly to avoid attracting attention, for at such a time anyone would have been regarded with suspicion that showed enough interest in the prisoner to wish to preserve his likeness. The reproduction is from the original drawing and the only portrait of Robert Emmet known to have been taken from life. Mr. Robert Holmes obtained it from Comerford, and his daughter, Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham, presented it to the writer shortly before her death. Mr. Holmes, shortly after it came into his possession, employed Comerford to paint a finished miniature from this sketch, which he sent to his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, in New York, keeping the original for himself. This miniature passed, after the death of the father, to the eldest son, Judge Robert Emmet, and it has remained in that branch of the family. Comerford's sketch has never been given to the public before this reproduction, but it will be easily recognised as the original of the profile portrait generally known as Robert Emmet's likeness, and which was taken from the miniature sent to Mr. Emmet. Dr. Petrie drew a three-quarter face and a profile on the back of a letter. These bear a resemblance to the Comerford portrait, but Petrie succeeded in showing more character in his drawing. He afterwards published an engraved portrait from the three-quarter face drawing, but he failed in doing justice to his original sketch by not showing the character Robert Emmet possessed and the supreme contempt with which he regarded the



Dublin Castle 14th November 1803

Gentlemen

His Excellency The Lord Lieutenant desires that out of the Money issued to you for payment of Rewards for discovering and apprehending Persons charged with being guilty of High Treason and treasonable Practices, you will pay the following Sums

To Major Sirs Three Hundred Pounds for apprehending Robert Emmet who has been convicted of High Treason, and to Mr William Taylor Three Hundred Pounds to reimburse a like Sum advanced by him on the same Account

To Henry Blake Esq for the Persons who apprehended Quigley Stafford and the two Parrots, who are charged with High Treason, Three Hundred Pounds.

I am
Gentlemen
Your most obedient
humble Servant

Alexander

To Mr Rammisby
Cmr Collector

FACSIMILE OF WARRANT FOR THE REWARD FOR THE ARREST OF ROBERT EMMET,
Now in the possession of Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.
From "The Emmet Family"

THE TRIAL

AND

DYING BEHAVIOUR

OF

Mr R. Emmett,

Who was Executed September the 20th, for High Treaſon.—Together with his Solemn Exhortation to his Countrymen to reject the proffered Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance of Deſpotic, Cruel, and Perfidious FRANCE.

ON Monday September 19, ROBERT EMMETT was put to the bar, at Dublin, on trial for High Treaſon. The priſoner challenged nineteen peremptorily out of the pannel for a Petit Jury, and ſix were ſet aſide by the Crown.

The Attorney General took a retroſpective view of the public calamities incident to the ſpirit of inſurrection which had hitherto prevailed the minds of the common people of that country.

The priſoner at the bar, if Mr. Attorney was properly inſtructed, would appear by ſubſtantial evidence, together with a variety of corroborating circumſtances, to have been the prime ſource, origin, and ſpirit of the recent inſurrection in this city ſo enormously wicked in the conception, but ſo truly contemptible and puerile both in the plan and execution.

The priſoner in a ſpeech marked by ſome traits of ingenuity and elocution, juſtified the conduct imputed to him, on firm and long adopted principles.

The Jury returned a verdict GUILTY, without leaving the box; and Lord Norbury pronounced ſentence of DEATH on him.

At ten o'clock this morning, (Sept. 20), a confidential friend of this unfortunate Gentleman was permitted to viſit him at Kilmainham gaol. The viſitor, a Profeſſional Gentleman of conſiderable eminence, on his entrance into the culprit's chamber found him reading the Litany in the ſervice of the Church of England in the preſence of the Rev. Mr. Gamble, the Ordinary of Newgate; after which he made a hearty breakfaſt. Retiring afterwards to a room with his friend, after certain family communications, he adverted to the circumſtance of having his pockets examined in the dock on the preceding evening, for ſome inſtrument with which it was apprehended he might deſtroy himſelf. He diſclaimed ſuch notion, alledging it was incompatible with the religion he profeſſed.

The culprit was led from Kilmainham gaol under a ſtrong military guard, compoſed of detachments both of Cavalry and Infantry of the Regular Troops quartered at the Barracks. He arrived about three o'clock at the temporary gallows, in Thomas-ſtreet, in a carriage with two clergymen. In his progreſs thither his demeanour, however, did not appear of that ſerious caſt befitting the awfulneſs of his ſituation, or the religious ſentiments he had uttered in the morning. He gazed about, particularly in Dirty-lane, the ſcene of his exploits, with a ſpecies of light inattentive ſmile, approaching a laugh, until he was carried to the place of execution, and ſpoke and nodded to ſome of his acquaintance with the greateſt coolneſs. After mounting the platform attached to the gallows, he addreſſed the ſurrounding crowd in a few words, ſaying he died in peace and univerſal love and kindneſs with all mankind. While the Executioner was adjuſting the rope round his neck, he became very pale, and he ſeemed earneſtly to talk and expoſtulate with him, moſt probably about ſome awkwardneſs in his manner, from which he felt an inconvenience. After the hangman had pulled a cap over his eyes, the culprit put up his hands, pinioned as they were, and partly removed it. The platform was dextrously removed. After which he hung for near a minute quite motionleſs, but violent convulſions then ſeized him, which laſted for ſeveral minutes. The process of beheading, &c. was afterwards gone through, and his body removed to Newgate.

The admirable deſcription which he drew of the French fraternity muſt powerfully operate on that part of the people of Ireland, who ſeek, through the agency of the Firſt Conſul to diſunite theſe countries.

"I have," ſaid he, "been accuſed of being actuated by a wiſh to bring about a revolution of this country, through the means of French influence. I deny that either myſelf or the Proviſional Government, had any ſuch idea in contemplation. Our own reſources were ſufficient to accompliſh the object. As to French interpoſition, it cannot be too much deprecated: and I exhort the people of Ireland to beware of ſuch aſſiſtance. I urge them in the ſtrongeſt manner to burn their houſes—nay even the very graſs on which a Frenchman ſhall land. Various opportunities have occured to me of witneſſing the miſery and deſolation they have produced in every country where they have gained an entrance, under the fallacious pretences of aiding the Inhabitants who conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of oppreſſion."

Jennings & Co, Printers, Upper Mary's Arm's 1.

(Issued by the British Government after the trial of Robert Emmet.)

From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York.

judge and his display of justice. . . . . A physician in Dublin obtained many years ago from Petrie's widow the whole collection of portraits and drawings made by her husband, and from this physician this sketch of Robert Emmet was purchased by the writer."

Through the courtesy of the Librarian of The National Library of Ireland the present writer is enabled to reproduce fac-similes of two very rare contemporary prints from the valuable Joly collection in the library. The portrait signed "H. Brocas, Sept. 19, 1803," is particularly interesting as there is every reason to believe that it was sketched from life by the artist at the trial; and it has never before been reproduced save in its original form when first issued.* It will be noticed that the expression is softer and more genial than that shown in Petrie's sketch, and does not possess that "sombre and austere expression of countenance" which, as stated by Patten, was foreign to the original. The portraits and death-masks, though differing in some details, all bear a general resemblance which is sufficiently striking, and enable a just estimate of the young patriot's personal appearance to be formed.

As a result of his inquiries regarding the burial place of Robert Emmet, Dr. Madden came to the conclusion that the body was first buried in Bully's Acre, and afterwards removed and buried elsewhere. He learned from Mr. Patten, who had been in prison at the time of Emmet's execution, that a man named Lynam (a porter in the employment of Messrs. Colville and Patten), had assisted in removing the body from Kilmainham Gaol, and burying it in Bully's Acre. In Dr. Emmet's work it is stated that the Revd. Thos. Gamble, assistant curate of St. Michan's, an intimate friend of the family who had assisted Emmet in his last moments, took charge of the remains on the night following his execution. In "The Emmet Family" a remarkable incident is recounted in connection with the removal of the body from Kilmainham. "It is said that being unable to procure some water to prepare his plaster he (Petrie) took the head, which had been decapitated after the execution, with him to some neighbouring house. During his absence Mr. Gamble returned, and with some assistance took away the box containing the body, but what he did with it still remains a mystery. Dr. Madden was informed that Dr. Petrie had the skull in his keeping until a short time before his death, when he gave it to some physician who lived in Galway. No one who knows anything of Dr. Petrie's life and views would doubt, if this be true, but that he made careful provision for its preservation. When the time comes for writing Robert Emmet's epitaph this relic will certainly be forthcoming, and it may prove the only portion of his body obtainable." Mr. Patten could give Dr. Madden no positive information as to the final disposition of the remains, but was under the impression that the burial took place in St. Michan's Churchyard. Leonard (Dr. Robert Emmet's gardener), and many others from whom Dr. Madden had had an opportunity of getting information, held the same opinion; and at the present day the plain uninscribed stone which is shown to visitors in this churchyard is generally believed in

* See letter quoted in Appendix I. from a Mr. John J. Fetherston (a well-known collector of Irish relics and curiosities) which, amongst other matters, touches upon the subject of Brocas's original sketch from life of Robert Emmet.

Dublin to mark the last resting-place of Emmet, and as such is visited by pilgrims from many lands. The tall elm-tree which hangs over the grave is said to have been planted shortly after the burial to mark the spot. The tradition is that the tree was so planted by a grave-digger attached to the church, upon the very morning after the burial, one hundred years ago.

In the "Journal of the Association for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead" in Ireland for the year 1902 the editor writing on the subject of Emmet's burial-place says: —"In addition to the printed evidence in 'Madden' and other books, [in favour of St. Michan's] I have the evidence of the late Patrick Traynor, bookseller. He said that his aunt, or grandaunt—I forget which—was the wife of the sexton of St. Michan's, and often told him how the sexton had the grave ready in the middle of the night, when the then Rector of the parish, who was an intimate and great friend of the Emmets, arrived with the body; how the work was finished before morning; and how the Rector planted a tree at the head of the grave. Traynor's relative said she lived in the lodge at the church and was an eye-witness." The editor, who leans to the opinion that Robert Emmet was buried in St. Michan's, also states that a massive altar-shaped limestone monument, which formerly had marble panels let into the sides for the purpose of containing an inscription or coat-of-arms but now lies in a dismantled condition in the churchyard, is reputed to have belonged to the Emmet family. But no member of the family is known to have resided in Dublin previous to 1769 when Dr. Emmet, father of Robert Emmet, came to practise as a physician in the city. Dr. Madden over forty years ago (in his edition of "The United Irishmen," published in 1860), pointed out the important fact that the Emmet family vault was situated in the churchyard attached to the Parish Church of St. Peter's, Aungier-street. As appears by the register, several members of Robert Emmet's family are buried there, including both his parents.

If, as is generally believed, the body was first buried in Bully's Acre and shortly afterwards secretly reinterred elsewhere, it would have been extremely difficult, especially during this disturbed period, to have re-buried the body in either of the churches named without attracting attention, as they are both situated in an exposed and populous part of the city. There is no evidence to show that the family were in any way connected with St. Michan's, save the fact already stated, that the Rev. Thomas Gamble was assistant curate there; and, doubtless, his clerical superiors would be averse to the admission of the body of a political offender whose execution had excited such wide-spread attention. But in the case of St. Peter's, there was the important difference that a distinct *right* existed of burying Robert Emmet in the family vault attached to the church; and, doubtless, the clerical authorities would be willing to facilitate his relations in conducting the burial as secretly as possible. The interment might possibly have taken place at night—a not uncommon occurrence in city churches in former years, as, for example, in the well-known cases of Swift and Stella.

As before stated, Robert Emmet's baptism is recorded in the ancient parochial register of St. Peter's (which dates back to 1669), under the date, March 10th, 1778. In this connection

it may not be uninteresting to mention the fact that the baptismal-font used on this occasion is still in existence, and has been transferred to St. Kevin's Church. The entry, "Temple Emmet, York-street, March 9th, 1788," records the interment of Robert Emmet's eldest brother; under the date, "December 12th, 1802," the entry of the interment of his father, "Dr. Robert Emmitt, Milltown," is to be found; and on "September 11th, 1803," his mother's burial is recorded by the entry, "Emilia Emmitt, Donnybrook."

The fact that Robert Emmet's name does not appear on the list of burials in September, 1803, does not afford any conclusive proof that the young patriot was not buried in the family vault. Cases have come under observation in many of the old city registers where names have been inadvertently omitted, and mistakes have occurred which could scarcely be possible under present conditions. In the case of Robert Emmet it is obvious that there are also other reasons which might account for the omission.

The old church of St. Peter's was demolished and the present building erected upon the same site and completed in 1867. The graveyard at that time underwent considerable alterations. The surface was raised to the level of the street, and most of the tombstones were removed from their original position, and placed in line against the boundary walls; so that it is now impossible to locate the position of many of the original graves. The vaults underneath were left intact, and merely covered over.

As the stone which covered the Emmet vault was a horizontal one, it probably remains *in situ*. Fortunately, the exact position of the vault is known. It is situated beneath the pathway outside the church, at the south-east corner of the churchyard, and some distance from the railings at Aungier-street and near the garden-wall of the adjoining house. The small tree shown in the photograph almost exactly indicates the position.

By a strange irony of fate, in this same churchyard are deposited the remains of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare. In life he found the country he betrayed too small for his ignoble ambition and overweening pride of power; now his place of sepulture is unknown and unsought, "and none so poor to do him reverence."

Notwithstanding the evidence which has been adduced regarding the possibility of Emmet's being buried in either St. Michan's or St. Peter's, it will be found upon examination there is also a good deal of testimony—which in the opinion of many amounts to direct and conclusive evidence—pointing to the graveyard attached to the old Protestant parish church of Glasnevin as the burial place of the young patriot.

No place could be conceived as more fitting for the last resting place of him of whom Moore wrote:—

> Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
> Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
> Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
> As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

Despite the growth of the village of Glasnevin in recent years, the old ivy-mantled church, surrounded by the graves of past generations that worshipped within its walls, remains secluded and undisturbed. Situated a considerable distance from the main road, and almost completely circumscribed by the walls of the adjacent demesnes, it might very easily escape the notice of a visitor unfamiliar with the locality. The old churchyard is

SARAH CURRAN.
From the painting by ROMNEY.

ENTRANCE, "THE PRIORY," RATHFARNHAM. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

FRONT VIEW, "THE PRIORY" RATHFARNHAM. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

bounded on the west side by the walls of the classic Delville, a historic mansion, once the residence of the celebrated Dr. Delany and his versatile wife, where that "learned divine assembled his coterie of wits in the Augustan Age of Queen Anne; where the patriot Dean and the beautiful and enduring Stella have charmed the feast; where Southerne has frequently sojourned, and in whose immediate vicinity Addison, Sheridan, Parnell, and Tickell have resided." Here, too, Swift printed many political pamphlets and some of his most biting satires when the city booksellers refused the risk of publication. In the grounds of Delville at the present day a memorial of its former owners remains. A fine medallion bust of Stella from the artistic hand of Mrs. Delany may be still seen in a grotto in the garden. The locality is also celebrated as having once been the place of residence of Grattan. The poet Parnell was vicar of the neighbouring hamlet of Finglas.

In a retired portion of the graveyard, at the back of the church, and situated directly at its left-hand corner as viewed from the entrance, may be seen a plain upright headstone bearing no inscription. It stands in front of a large horizontal stone supported on four pillars, and is situated close to the ivy-covered walls of Delville and near an ancient doorway. The doorway is now closed up, but in former years it was used as a private entrance to the churchyard from the demesne by the family occupying Delville House; and it enabled them to enter the churchyard without the inconvenience of a long detour through the village. The upright stone here referred to projects but a few feet above the ground, and is rounded and worn at the edges from the effects of the weather, and also by reason of the fact that pilgrims to the spot have contrived to chip off portions of the stone to be carried away as mementos.

Dr. Madden, despite the opinion expressed in the "United Irishmen" regarding the locality of Emmet's grave, in later years found reason to modify his views on the subject. He finally concluded that Robert Emmet was buried in Glasnevin, and that the stone referred to marked the place of his interment. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet in his work, "The Emmet Family," gives an account of a visit which he paid to the churchyard in 1880, accompanied by Dr. Madden. It is undoubtedly the most valuable evidence which could be adduced in this connection, as it is the opinion of one who, perhaps above all others, was best qualified to pronounce on the subject. "Shortly before Dr. Madden's death, the writer," says Dr. Emmet, "had the good fortune to see him and obtain from him many interesting facts. The old gentleman had become quite infirm, being past eighty years of age, but he kindly came up from his residence near Dublin to point out the different places connected with the family history. He was first driven out to Glasnevin without knowing his destination, and on getting out of the carriage at the church he did not at first seem to recognise the place. But after entering the churchyard leaning on the writer's arm, he suddenly became excited in his manner, and increasing his pace, he started off alone. Passing to the left of the church he walked around behind it, and placing his hand on a rough headstone near the wall, he exclaimed: 'This is Robert Emmet's grave, which Mr. ———, the tailor,

showed me over fifty years ago.'" Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet further adds that Dr. Madden "had not visited the spot since he was taken there by the tailor, who claimed to have assisted in removing Emmet's body and in digging the grave."

W. J. Fitz-Patrick in "The Sham Squire" gives a circumstantial account of "the midnight burial" of Robert Emmet in the old churchyard of Glasnevin. He states: "A literary friend of ours, Mr. Hercules Ellis, was speaking of Emmet and the uninscribed tomb at a dinner party, when a gentleman present corrected the error under which he conceived Mr. Ellis laboured respecting the place of his burial.

"'It was not in Michan's churchyard, he said, 'but in Glasnevin, and I speak on the best authority, for my late father was the Incumbent there at the time, and I repeatedly heard him say that he was brought out of his bed at the dead of night to perform the burial service over Emmet. There were only four persons present, two women and two men. One of the men he understood to be Dowdall, the natural son of Hussey Burgh, and one of the ladies Sarah Curran, who had been betrothed to Emmet. The corpse was conveyed through a little narrow door leading into the old churchyard of Glasnevin from the handsome demesne of Delville, formerly the residence of Dean Delany.'"

Whatever basis of fact there may be for the story, some of the circumstances as given by Fitz-Patrick appear somewhat improbable: and it is to be regretted that he omitted to supply some further particulars which would substantiate his account. It is not likely that Dowdall could have been present at Emmet's burial: nor is it at all certain that he was in Ireland at the time. After Colonel Despard's arrest in the latter part of 1802 Dowdall had fled to France, but returned shortly afterwards to take part in Emmet's insurrection. He was one of the subscribing witnesses to the lease of the house in Butterfield-lane, and afterwards occupied the house with Robert Emmet. Dr. Madden had heard from a Mr. William Connor who lived at the house of John Stockdale, of Abbey-street, the printer of the *Press*, that on the day following the insurrection of 23rd July, 1803, "Dowdall had come there to take leave of Miss Sally Stockdale, to whom he had been paying his addresses." It is not at all likely that he should have remained in Dublin with a price upon his head and in constant danger of arrest, until the period of Emmet's imprisonment and execution.

Fitz-Patrick was enabled to obtain a letter from George Petrie, the celebrated Irish archæologist, in 1865, a few months before the death of the latter, in which he affirmed his conviction that Glasnevin was the place of burial. The antiquarian's information is certainly entitled to the highest consideration. His father, James Petrie, had taken the cast of Emmet's face after death, and was one of the last known to have seen the body. W. F. Wakeman, the well-known antiquarian, in his "Graves and Monuments of Illustrious Irishmen," written in 1886, gives a confirmation of this opinion of Petrie's. He states "on one Sunday, about forty years ago, the writer of this article, then a pupil of his (George Petrie), was led by him, in company with the late Dr. W. Stokes, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Wilde, and Mr. W. MacDougall, the eminent solicitor, to the ancient cemetery in which the old parish church of Glasnevin stands, and there was shown an

uninscribed tombstone, which Petrie declared, to his certain knowledge, marked the last resting place of Emmet."

Burrowes, Robert Emmet's counsel, was also evidently of the opinion that Emmet was buried in Glasnevin, as may be seen from the following interesting letter (now in the possession of Mr. T. D. Sullivan) which lately appeared in the columns of the *United Irishman* :—

"There being some doubt as to where the grave of the great patriot, Robert Emmet, is, I received a letter from my wife's brother-in-law, Hartley R. Sinclair, from the Cape of Good Hope, which I think will set at rest all further misgivings on the subject. I send you an extract which you are at liberty to make use of if you shall think it of any worth.

EXTRACT.

"'I have always been told by my mother, who had it from the late Peter Burrowes (Judge Burrowes, as he was called, though he was only Commissioner of Bankruptcy, having refused the office of Judge), that Robert Emmet was buried in the Old Parish Churchyard of Glasnevin (not, of course, the cemetery, which was not then in existence), and next to my father's grave. My father's tombstone is standing upright against the churchyard wall facing the chancel windows of the Church, and, consequently, facing all the other headstones in the churchyard. His name, age, profession, &c., are engraved on the stone, also the name, &c., of his first wife, Eliza, and their infant child, Hartley. The grave is easily distinguished by the above directions. As you stand facing it there is to your left another grave without a headstone in which lie the bones of my uncle, the Rev. Edward Sinclair, and to the left of that again lies a flat slab of whitish stone, flat on the ground, without name, date, or inscription of any kind, that has always been pointed out to me as the patriot's grave, and I am sure from my authority that there can be no mistake about it, as Burrowes was one of the counsel who was engaged for the defence, and was a personal friend of the family, corresponding with Thomas Addis Emmet for many years after the death of his brother during the former's residence in America. 'Let no man write my epitaph till Ireland shall be free,' was the bequest in his celebrated speech, and, seemingly, with regard to his gravestone at least his wishes have been carried out.—From

"'HARTLEY R. SINCLAIR.

"'To M. J. Briggs,

"'*October 25th*, 1875.'

"P.S.—The above H. R. Sinclair is a brother to Edward Sinclair, M.D., F.T.C.D., &c., Dublin."

The Sinclair headstone here alluded to faces the entrance-gate, and is standing as described, against the wall of Delville demesne. Although the stone is almost completely covered by the ivy which envelopes the walls, the inscription is still quite legible. It is to the right of the alleged Emmet grave shown in the accompanying photograph; but it is situated at least twenty yards from the latter, and upon the opposite side of the church. Many graves now occupy the intervening space; and it does not appear quite clear why Mr. Sinclair should mention his relative's grave as a possible landmark or guide except that the Emmet grave pointed out to him was situated in another part of the churchyard, and nearer to the grave of the Rev. Edward Sinclair than the grave now shown as being the last resting place of the

VIEW OF OLD GARDEN, "THE PRIORY," RATHFARNHAM. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

GERTRUDE CURRAN'S GRAVE, "THE PRIORY," RATHFARNHAM. [Photo. J. J. Reynolds.

young patriot. It will also be noticed that Mr. Sinclair's letter refers to Emmet's grave as an uninscribed stone lying "flat on the ground," and that the present stone is perpendicular. Although not sufficiently explicit Mr. Sinclair's letter is important in this connection considering the source of his information. Burrowes, who was Robert Emmet's counsel, took the deepest interest in his client's fate, and it is not at all unlikely that he should have heard the particulars of his burial. He was one of the few in Ireland with whom Thomas Addis Emmet held any correspondence after leaving the country; and to him might have been assigned the melancholy task of transmitting an account of the young patriot's last moments to his brother in America and the circumstances attendant upon his execution and burial.

The writer learned from the present Rector of Glasnevin Church, the Rev. R. A. Byrn, M.A., that there is no evidence of the burial of Robert Emmet in Glasnevin Churchyard that *he* (the Rector) *was aware of*—and certainly none in the Parochial Registers.

It is interesting to note that in the controversies which have taken place upon this topic the fact has escaped notice that within recent years, owing to extensions made in the church at Glasnevin, several of the tombstones have been removed; and the alleged Emmet grave has been almost entirely covered by the walls of the new building.

It must be confessed—even after the fullest examination of the evidence now available—that the mystery enshrouding Emmet's grave still remains inscrutable. Any attempt to arrive at a positive conclusion resolves itself, at best, into a calculation of probabilities; and, except an actual examination of the alleged graves were made, it is very unlikely that any additional evidence will now appear which would serve to settle the point decisively.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

ABSTRACTION OF PAPERS FROM THE CASTLE ARCHIVES.

W. J. Fitz-Patrick, the author of "The Sham Squire and the Informers of 1798," gives some very interesting particulars regarding the mysterious disappearance of official documents, connected with the 1798-1803 periods from Dublin Castle. Amongst these the MS. book, containing the "Account of Secret Service Money Applied in Detecting Treasonable Conspiracies," from 21st August, 1797 to March 28th, 1804, in particular, throws a sinister light upon the methods used by those in power at the time in the "detection," or rather "manufacture" of treasonable conspiracies. He states:—"Dr. —— has given us the following account of the discovery of this document:—'When Lord Mulgrave, since Marquis of Normanby, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, some official in Dublin Castle cleared out and sold a quantity of books and papers, which were purchased in one lot by John Fegan, a dealer in second-hand books. who had, as his place of business, a cellar at the corner of Henry-street. I had the opportunity of examining the entire collection, but, not being much of a politician, I only selected two volumes. . . . They and the others of the collection had each a red leather label, on which, in large gilt capitals, was impressed, 'Library, Dublin Castle.' Among them was the MS. account of the expenditure of the Secret Service money, and of which I was the first to point out the possible value when it was about to be thrown, with various useless and imperfect books, into waste paper.'"

Fitz-Patrick found Dr. ——'s account substantially correct. The book referred to afterwards came into possession of Charles Haliday, Esq., J.P., an extensive collector of rare and curious books illustrative of Irish history; and it was at the time Fitz-Patrick wrote safely in this gentleman's possession. Fitz-Patrick adds:—"It was in 1838, during the Mulgrave Viceroyalty, that this important volume found its way, among a mass of waste paper, to an obscure dealer in second-hand books. After some vicissitudes it passed into the hands of a bookseller, residing on Upper Ormond-quay, by whom, we understand, it was sold for £10 to Mr. Haliday." He further adds in a foot-note—"We are informed by a gentleman connected for half a century with the office of the Secretary of State, Dublin, that seven years previous to this clearance—namely, during the Anglesey Viceroyalty, in 1831—cart-loads of correspondence were removed to the Riding School, in the Lower Castle Yard, while some alterations were in progress at the Chief Secretary's Office. They remained for a lengthened period publicly exposed in the Riding School until they became 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' The documents sold in 1839 were a different lot, and their abstraction was attributed to the dishonesty of some of

the messengers who had ready access to the presses in which the letters were contained."

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet referring to the papers in his possession (copies of which are here reproduced), in "The Emmet Family" states:—"Some years ago the author obtained, as has been stated, several papers which must have been at some time in the Irish Government Archives, and a portion of those which Burke had sealed up, and these are of the greatest historical value in relation to the arrest and trial of Robert Emmet.

"One of these is the original warrant for the reward due the betrayer of Mr. Emmet's place of concealment. . . . . Another of these papers is of more importance, as it is believed to be what was then termed in Ireland 'the Devil's Brief,' an instrument of injustice long in vogue in that unhappy country, and one from which many an innocent man has suffered. Up to within a recent period it was not an uncommon thing in Ireland to use this procedure for the conviction of any person whom the authorities felt disposed to get rid of. Unfortunately there has been no time in Ireland for some hundreds of years past, that the British Government could not prove anything desired, and against anyone, by a set of hirelings of alien descent, who, though perhaps born in Ireland, never possessed anything else in common with their place of birth."

Alluding to the brief of Emmet's trial a fac-simile of which is here reproduced, Dr. Emmet says: . . . . "as Mr. Emmet made no defence and examined no witnesses, it became necessary for the Government officials to suddenly change their plans and pursue a course which does not correspond closely with the brief. It is not improbable that Robert Emmet himself determined on following this course, but when decided, M'Nally, to maintain his influence, was obliged not only to acquiesce but even to advocate it. By some fortunate circumstance this brief prepared for his trial was not destroyed, and was filed away with the other papers connected with the prosecution. It was prepared, beyond question, before the trial, a procedure which was not unusual and has always been considered a legitimate one when the evidence could be gotten together. But with a knowledge of the peculiar circumstances in this case the suspicion becomes a conviction that the document is a 'Devil's Brief' and the inference is not an unreasonable one that the 'arrangement of evidence for Emmet's trial' was gotten up before his arrest. This is based on the belief that by the order of the English Minister, Pitt, the police were the chief directors in the 'Emmet insurrection.' The needed testimony, therefore, was not difficult to obtain, under the circumstances, at any time by drilling before the 'trial' a sufficient number from the 'Battalion of Testimony,' and it was not difficult to determine beforehand that 'Wilson will prove it.'

"The document has been given in fac-simile, on account of its great historical interest in connection with the trial of Robert Emmet, and the reader can compare the evidence given in the brief with the official account of the trial published by the Government in the newspapers, one of which has been reproduced."

Besides the brief here referrred to, Dr. Emmet also obtained the Warrant for reward to be paid to the betrayer of Emmet's place of concealment, and an "Account of Dieting" of prisoners at Newgate and Kilmainham, signed

by Dr. Trevor, Superintendent of the prisons. Dr. Emmet believes all three to be from the chest which disappeared from Dublin Castle. Dr. Emmet in "The Emmet Family" expresses the belief that the papers could not have been abstracted unless the whole contents of the chest had been tampered with. He states :—"It would have been easier to have removed the chest by direction of some one in authority, as if for the purpose of sending it to another department, than for any official to have carried off these papers which related to Robert Emmet, together with a number of others which could have been secured at the same time if the purse of the writer had not been taxed to obtain those of the greater interest to him. The probability is that it was removed that the contents might be destroyed, and the official intrusted with the matter reserved a few papers, which he was able to dispose of to his own advantage."

In referring to the warrant mentioned above Dr. Emmet says ;—

"This warrant is signed by Alexander Marsden, Under Secretary in the Civil Department of the Chief Secretary's office. He was essentially the executive officer of Irish affairs, and it was in his power to keep the Chief Secretary, as well as the Lord Lieutenant, in ignorance of Pitt's command and the move he himself had made to bring about an uprising in Ireland, with Robert Emmet as the nominal leader."

Mr. Jno. C. FitzAchary—to whom the present writer is indebted for several items of information—drew the writer's attention to a correspondence which took place in the *Freeman's Journal* in July, 1878, the Centenary year of Emmet's birth. Mr. FitzAchary had written to the *Freeman's Journal* pointing out some absurd errors which had appeared in a recently issued edition of "Black's Guide to Dublin" relative to Emmet's insurrection. His letter elicited the following response from a Mr. Fetherston, an enthusiastic collector of Irish relics and curiosities.

"Guide Books, Local and Historic."

"*To the Editor of the 'Freeman.'*

"21, Coppinger's-row,

"*July 17th*, 1878.

"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly permit me to ask the writer, in your issue of this day, if he is aware of the suggestive fact—the 'Cockney Penny-a-liners' have an easier and better way of knowing all they wish to know about the Patriot Martyr, Robert Emmet, than any resident Irishman. About four and a-half years ago I thought my cup of joy filled to overflowing by the acquisition of the only existing relic of Robert Emmet—a lock of his hair, obtained from Sarah Curran by Mrs. Hamilton Rowan, authenticated by a mass of historic documents, which I also rescued. On this day four years an armed band of raiders, at mid-day, carried off a large number of the documents, but, fortunately, failed in their main object. About that time Mr. F. J. Porter repeated to me a conversation he had with the chaplain who accompanied Emmet to execution, to the effect that Emmet was an infidel. Some three years subsequent to my conversation with the ex-magistrate, Mr. Porter, I bought at the auction of the historic collection of the last of the Brocases the original sketch from life of Robert Emmet, on the back of which was a manuscript directly at variance with Mr. Porter's alleged statement of the chaplain. In my efforts to authenticate this invaluable document, by comparison with Emmet's writing, I

was favoured with an order from the Board of Trinity College to their librarian, to examine Dr. R. R. Madden's original papers of his 'United Irishmen.' Will it be believed? Dr. Mallet, the librarian, refused to act on the order of the Board. My continued search in the Record Office, the Irish Academy, and a personal interview with Dr. R. R. Madden this week, have all ended in learning that every 'scrap' of writing belonging to Emmet was long ago sent off to London by the Irish Government. Your talented correspondent, in his letters of this day and last March to the *Freeman's Journal*, proves that he has valuable sources of information about the Idol of the Irish heart, Robert Emmet, and the dream of his love, Sarah Curran: and I regret the necessity to finish by requesting of him to apply the whip at home before crossing the Channel.—Yours obediently,

"JOHN J. FETHERSTON."

APPENDIX II.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH.

Mr. Emmet, standing forward in the dock in front of the bench, said:—"My lords, as to why judgment of death and execution should not be passed upon me according to law, I have nothing to say; but as to why my character should not be relieved from the imputations and calumnies thrown out against it, I have much to say. I do not imagine that your lordships will give credit to what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of the Court. I only wish your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories until it has found some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms with which it is at present buffeted. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence to the fate which awaits me; but the sentence of the law which delivers over my body to the executioner, consigns my character to obloquy. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice. Whilst the man dies, his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France: it is false—I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all to France. Never did I entertain the remotest idea of establishing French power in Ireland. From the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provisional Government it is evident that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into this country. Small, indeed, would be our claim to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to sell our country to a people who are not only slaves themselves, but the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. And, my lords, let me here observe that I am not the head and life's blood of this rebellion. When I came to Ireland I found the business ripe for execution. I was asked to join in it. I took time to consider, and after mature deliberation I became one of the Provisional Government; and there then was, my lords, an agent from the United Irishmen and Provisional Government of Ireland at Paris, negotiating with the French Government, to obtain from them an aid sufficient to accomplish the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; the preliminary to which assistance has been a guarantee to Ireland similar to that which Franklin obtained for America: but the imputation that I, or the rest of the Provisional Government, meditated to put our country under the dominion of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe, is

utterly false and unfounded. Did we entertain any such ideas, how could we speak of giving freedom to our countrymen? How could we assume such an exalted motive? If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates their views and is not warranted by the fact.

"Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it—as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

"Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, even more than death, would be unprofitable, when a foreign nation held my country in subjection.

"Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not then any man attaint my memory by believing that I could have hoped to give freedom to my country by betraying the sacred cause of liberty, and committing it to the power of her most determined foe. Had I done so I had not deserved to live; and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would give freedom. What has been the conduct of the French towards other countries? They promised them liberty, and when they got them into their power they enslaved them. What has been their conduct towards Switzerland, where it has been stated that I had been? Had the people there been desirous of French assistance and been deceived by that power, I would have sided with the people, I would have stood between them and the French, whose aid they called in, and, to the utmost of my ability, I would have protected them from every attempt at subjugation; I would, in such case, have fought against the French, and, in the dignity of freedom, I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corse. Is it then to be supposed that I would be slow in making the same sacrifices for my native land; am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her freedom and independence, am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of French tyranny and French despotism? My lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of the despotism

and ambition of France ; and whilst I have breath, I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and against their happiness. I would do with the people of Ireland as I would have done with the people of Switzerland, could I be called upon again to act in their behalf. My object, and that of the rest of the Provisional Government, was to effect a total separation between Great Britain and Ireland—to make Ireland totally independent of Great Britain, but not to become a dependant of France."

(Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.)

"When my spirit shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country, this is my hope, that my memory and name may serve to animate those who survive me.

"While the destruction of that Government which upholds its dominion by impiety against the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the field, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hands, in religion's name, against the throat of his fellow who believes a little more or less than the Government standard, which reigns amidst the cries of the orphans and of the widows it has made——"

(Here Mr. Emmet was interrupted by Lord Norbury.)

After a few words on the subject of his objects, purposes, and the final prospect of success, he was again interrupted, when he said :—

"What I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy ; my expressions were for my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of affliction."

(Lord Norbury interrupted the prisoner.)

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity ; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt ; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and *not justice*, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives, sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated ?

"My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold ; but worse to me than the purposed shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the tame endurance of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man—you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court and dare not vindicate my character, *what a farce is your justice!* If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, *how dare you calumniate it?* Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy

inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or——"

(Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.)

"My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from a reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why then insult me, or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that the form prescribes that you should put the question; the form also confers the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury were impanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit, but I insist on the whole of the forms."

(Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.)

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as it has been expressed, 'the life and blood of this conspiracy.' You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would not deign to call you friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand."

(Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.)

"What, my lord, shall you tell me on my passage to the scaffold—which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my death—that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my short life; and am I to stand appalled here before a mere remnant of mortality? Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour—let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but of my country's liberty and independence. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks my views—no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppression for the same reason that I would have resisted tyranny at home."

Lord Norbury—"Mr. Emmet, you have been called upon to show cause, if any you have, why the judgment of the law should not be enforced against you. Instead of showing anything in point of law why judgment should not pass, you have proceeded in a manner the most unbecoming a person in your situation; you have avowed and endeavoured to vindicate principles totally subversive of the Government, totally subversive of the tranquillity, well-being, and happiness of that country which gave you birth: and you have broached treason the most abominable.

"You, sir, had the honour to be a gentleman by birth, and your father filled a respectable situation under the Government. You had an eldest brother, whom death snatched away, and who, when living, was one of the greatest ornaments of the Bar. The laws of his country were the study of his youth; and the study of his maturer life was to cultivate and support them. He left you a proud example to follow; and if he had lived, he would have given your talents the same virtuous direction as his own, and have taught you to admire and preserve that Constitution for the destruction of which you have conspired with the most profligate and abandoned, and associated yourself with hostlers, bakers, butchers, and such persons, whom you invited to council, when you erected your Provisional Government . . . ."

"If the spirits," said Emmet, "of the illustrious dead, participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory scene, dear shade of my venerated father look down on your suffering son, and see has he for one moment deviated from those moral and patriotic principles which you so early instilled into his youthful mind, and for which he now offers up his life.

"My lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—my ministry is now ended. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause, and abandoned another idol I adored in heart—the object of my affections. My race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I am ready to die—I have not been allowed to vindicate my character. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is *the charity of its silence*. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace: my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, in "The Emmet Family," makes some valuable observations upon Robert Emmet's speech, and gives some particulars regarding it which are highly interesting. "A great effort was made," says Dr. Emmet, "by the friends of Robert Emmet to obtain, immediately after the trial, a correct version of his speech, and a number of these who were present and heard it delivered,

shortly after reduced their recollection of it to writing. The writer has in his possession a contemporary copy, which Dr. Madden himself, on account of the similarity of the handwriting, for a long time regarded as the first draught of the speech made by Robert Emmet himself. It is doubtless a copy of the speech written down from memory immediately after the trial, and probably by some schoolmate who had been taught by the same writing master. By comparing several of these copies and the official report which was taken at the time for the Government, and which is reliable when divested of the special political interpolation, quite an accurate version probably was thus obtained. Dr. Madden took a great deal of care and trouble to insure his obtaining an accurate version, and, in addition to above, he availed himself of the testimony of a number of persons who were present at the trial and heard the speech delivered. There can be no question that Robert Emmet has been misrepresented by both friend and foe, for the form popularly known as his speech contains much that he never uttered. Appreciating his careful work and the credit due Dr. Madden for his efforts, the writer has accepted his judgment on what must doubtless be received in the future as Robert Emmet's authentic declamation, when called upon by Lord Norbury—"What have you, therefore, now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you according to Law?" . . . . . .

"Dr. Madden was by no means certain that he had embodied *all* that Robert Emmet spoke, as he has left out every word in reference to which the slightest doubt existed; but in the end he was fully satisfied that every sentence of his version is correct, and had undoubtedly been spoken by Robert Emmet.

"It was doubtless part of the plot, arranged before the trial, that Lord Norbury should frequently interrupt Robert Emmet by uncalled-for charges in reference to the French, and by annoying remarks, probably hoping to irritate him and make him lose the thread of his argument, and if possible to prevent him from publicly exposing, as Robert Emmet wished to do, the true condition of the country and the reason for the uprising of the people. During these frequent interruptions, and in direct answer to Lord Norbury, Mr. Emmet made several remarks which were excluded by Dr. Madden as not strictly belonging to the speech proper, and because different versions did not agree exactly as to what they were. The official report for the Government did not, from some sense of decency, contain *all* that Lord Norbury did say, and no one present at the trial dared at the time publish what they had heard. But all whom Dr. Madden questioned, and who were present, confirmed in a general way the statement that much had been omitted, and they also agreed as to Norbury's uncalled-for abuse and frequent interruptions, with a settled purpose which had evidently been determined upon beforehand. Yet in consequence of the excitement at the time and the period which had elapsed since the trial, these witnesses were unable afterwards to supply Dr. Madden with a confirmative account sufficient in detail to supply what had been omitted and forgotten."

APPENDIX III.

SARAH CURRAN.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love; for his country he died—
They were all that to live had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

"She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

"To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation; for the Irish are proverbially a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragic story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity, that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.'

"On the occasion of a masquerade at the Rotunda, her friends brought her to it. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful, than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering, like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in

the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears."*

In "The Literary Souvenir" of 1831, there is an article signed M——, entitled "Some Passages in the History of Sarah Curran," written by one who, Dr. Madden had reason to believe, was a member of the family of the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Lismore, at whose house Sarah Curran found a refuge on leaving her father's home. The writer says:—"When I first saw Sarah Curran she was in her twelfth year, and was even then remarkable for a pensive character of countenance, which she never afterwards lost. A favourite sister, to the best of my recollection a twin, died when she was eight years old [she was between twelve and thirteen], and was buried under a large tree on the lawn of 'The Priory' (Mr. Curran's seat near Dublin), directly opposite to the window of their nursery. Under its shade they had often sat together, pulled the first primroses at its root, and watched in its leaves the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour, for many a year, did the sorrowful survivor take her silent stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well-known spot, which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy which formed so marked a feature of her character through life." . . .

"There was another circumstance," says Dr. Madden, "to which that tendency might have been attributed; at the age of fourteen she lost a mother's care—she lost a mother whom 'she was fondly attached to; and, worse than death, had to do with that separation on that most melancholy occasion.'"

Having found an asylum under the protection and care of the Rev. Thomas Crawford, Sarah Curran remained at his house "till better thoughts at home led to her return to it." "But there," says the writer of the notice above mentioned, "my poor friend's life was but an April day; or rather it consisted of drops of joy with draughts of ill between."

"It is stated by the writer of this notice," says Dr. Madden, "that Robert Emmet was first introduced to Sarah Curran by her brother, a fellow-student at college of the former; that Robert, soon after this acquaintance was made, had become a frequent visitor at 'The Priory,' and this intimacy had terminated in an attachment as ardent as it was unfortunate, between him and the youngest daughter of Curran.

"The writer states that, amongst Emmet's papers, several of Sarah Curran's letters were found, one strongly dissuading him from his fatal project, and another after the unfortunate issue of its attempted execution,

* It was stated by a correspondent of Dr Madden's, that the circumstance described by Washington Irving, in reality took place at the home of Mr. Thomas Penrose, of Woodhill, on the Glanmire road, Cork, where Sarah Curran stayed some time after leaving her father's home.

pleading her love and duty to her father in reply to his solicitations to her to accompany him to America. This was at the period he was concealed in Dublin, and when measures were taken to secure a passage for him to the United States on board an American vessel." "The last time," continues the writer in 'The Literary Souvenir,' "I saw my friend, she seemed happy; she believed him to be 'far away on the billow,' beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach in safety the more hospitable shores of America. That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings on receiving a letter from Emmet, informing her that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland and abide his fate." . . . "When this intelligence reached Sarah Curran," says Dr. Madden, "it was evident to her that Robert Emmet's doom was sealed; he abode his fate in Ireland, and died on the scaffold."

"'A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend,' adds the writer in 'The Literary Souvenir,' 'the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmet's trial and execution would have proved to her. As soon as her health permitted she left the residence of her father,' etc., etc. What follows in the narrative respecting her departure," says Dr. Madden, "for the sake of her father's memory, I omit. Suffice it to say, that during her illness, and after her recovery, her father did not see her. In one of her letters to the friend who published the preceding account, in speaking of the kind and amiable family who had taken her into their house [the Penroses, of Woodhill, Cork, with whom Sarah Curran stayed for some time after leaving the house of the Rev. Thomas Crawford], and made it to this poor, heart-broken, homeless creature, a place of comfort and consolation, she says: 'I feel a pleasure in reflecting that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me.'"

"In person," says the author of the memoir in "The Literary Souvenir," "Sarah Curran was about the ordinary size; her hair and eyes black. Her complexion was fairer than is usual with black hair, and was a little freckled. Her eyes were large, soft, and brilliant, and capable of the greatest variety of expression. Her aspect in general indicated reflection, and pensive abstraction from the scene around her. Her wit was keen and playful, but chastened; although no one had a keener perception of humour or ridicule. Her musical talents were of the first order: she sang with exquisite taste. I think I never heard so harmonious a voice."

Dr. Madden, in his "Notice of Sarah Curran," states that "Anne Devlin, in speaking of Emmet's residence at Harold's-cross, mentions her having been sent for to convey a letter to Miss Curran, but in a subsequent conversation she stated that she had been the bearer of several notes to Miss Curran, when he was living at Butterfield-lane. Another person, I am informed, frequently performed the same office, a sister of young Palmer, of Thomas-street. Anne Devlin says that when she delivered a note to Miss Curran, 'her face would change so, one would hardly know her. She remembered Miss Curran,' she said, 'as well as if she was then standing before her; she was a person whose face some way or another, the first time one ever laid their eyes on her, seemed

to be known to one. You could not see Miss Curran, and not help liking her; and yet she was not handsome; but she was more than handsome' . . . 'Miss Sarah was not tall, her figure was very slight, her complexion dark, her eyes large and black, and her look was the mildest, and the softest, and the sweetest look *you* ever saw.'"

Leonard, the old gardener of Dr. Emmet, informed Dr. Madden that Miss Curran, a day or two after Robert Emmet's execution, contrived to elude the vigilance of her friends, and in the dusk of the evening visited the grave of her lover.

She died on May 5th, 1808, at Hythe in Kent, of a rapid decline. Her last request was, to be buried under the favourite tree at "The Priory," beneath which her beloved sister was interred. "'She was spared the cruelty of a refusal. It was after her death,' adds the writer of the memoir, that Mr. Curran said, 'He would not have his lawn turned into a churchyard.'" The writer was mistaken," says Dr. Madden,—"the request was refused, but not in the unfeeling manner above mentioned; and this I state on the authority of one who was charged with the painful task of conferring with the father on the subject of his dying daughter's request.

"Lord Cloncurry informed me," continues Dr. Madden, "that when he spoke with Curran on the subject, his sole objection was on the ground of the misrepresented motives which would be assigned for the interment in a place not consecrated. He said when he had the remains of a beloved child, the sister of Sarah, interred in the lawn at 'The Priory,' he was accused of impiety—the burial was called an un-Christian one; and if he consented to another interment there, his enemies would repeat their old calumnies and outcries against him.

"Lord Cloncurry urged on him what he conceived to be the necessity of complying with the dying wish of his poor child. But he urged his suit in vain. The remains of his daughter were conveyed to Ireland, and they rest with those of her father's family at Newmarket, and even, as I have reason to believe, in accordance with her latest wish."

Dr. Madden, after painstaking researches extending over a period of several years, at length obtained conclusive evidence that the remains of Sarah Curran were buried in the family burial place of the Philpots (her grandmother's family) in Newmarket, Co. Cork—a town also famous as being the birth place of her father, John Philpot Curran.

"Is there no duty left undone to the memories of Robert Emmet and of Sarah Curran," says the biographer of the United Irishmen, "by the collector of those records (scanty though they be) of their short career and its sad story?

"He has pointed out the neglected grave of Sarah Curran, but he has not stigmatised, as it deserves to have been, the shameful neglect which has left that spot, where the remains of Emmet's 'own beloved Sarah' are laid, without a stone to bear her name, or remind us of those virtues of a constant, loving nature which endeared her to Robert Emmet."

Dr. Madden, in commenting on an erroneous statement published in the story of "The Exile," by which it was affirmed that Sarah Curran was buried in the grounds of "The Priory," says: "The writer was wholly misinformed. The remains of Curran's poor daughter Sarah were not buried in the grounds

or garden of that residence of her father, where she had been treated, alas! with such great harshness. A favourite child, indeed, of Curran was interred there — a daughter, named Gertrude. This child was the idol of her father. It was not a large share of his paternal affection that child might be said to have possessed, but rather the whole stock of love that was at his disposal."

"The late Mr. William Murphy, of Mount Merrion, was on very intimate terms with Curran when he lost this favourite child, whose untimely death was the result of a fall from a window. Mr. Murphy, before the interment of the child's remains, visited the unhappy father, and found him in a state of such violent sorrow as might be termed frantic grief. Frequently have I heard Mr. Murphy relate the pitiable and fearful condition in which he found Curran. He told Mr. Murphy he would not suffer his beloved child's remains to be taken from 'The Priory'—he would have them buried in the grounds, in a place where the grave could be seen from the window of his study; and, accordingly, there the remains of his child were buried in opposition to the opinion, very strongly urged, of his friend Murphy, who thought that the feelings which actuated Curran in this matter would be misinterpreted, and that the burial of his child in unconsecrated ground would be considered an act of impiety, and an evidence of principles adverse to religion.

"The child, however, was buried in a vault which Curran had caused to be constructed for her final resting-place, in the lawn of 'The Priory,' near Rathfarnham, very near the house. There was originally an enclosed space over the grave, fenced in with shrubs, but these have now nearly disappeared, and a small square monumental metal plate was inserted in the slab over the grave, with the following inscription:

"'Here
Lies the body
of
Gertrude Curran,
Fourth daughter of John Philpot
Curran,
Who departed this life
October the 6th, 1792,
Age twelve
years.'"

APPENDIX IV.

POETICAL PIECES BY ROBERT EMMET.

ARBOUR HILL.

No rising column marks this spot
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed,
To heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
Who joys in human woe;
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous Judge.
Whose hands in blood are dyed;
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

It claims it for this ruined Isle,
Her wretched children's grave;
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

Oh sacred Justice! free this land,
From tyranny ahhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat,
Resume—but sheath thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By mercy marked may Freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh! hallowed be each name;
Their memories are for ever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblessed by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead;
These waft their fame to heaven.

GENIUS OF ERIN.

Genius of Erin, tune thy harp
To Freedom, let its sound awake
Thy prostrate sons, and nerve their hearts,
Oppression's iron bonds to break.

Long and strong then strike the lyre,
Strike it with prophetic lays;
Bid it rouse the slumbering fire,
Bid the fire of freedom blaze.

Tell them glory waits their efforts,
Strongly wooed, she will be won;
Freedom, show, by peace attended,
Waits to crown each gallant son.

Greatly daring, bid them gain her,
Conquerors, bid them live or die;
Erin in her children triumphs,
Even where her martyrs lie.

But if her sons, too long opprest,
No spark of freedom's fire retain,
And, with sad and servile breast,
Basely wear the galling chain.

Vainly then you'd call to glory,
Vainly freedom's blessings praise;
Man debased to willing thraldom,
Freedom's blessing cannot raise.

Check thy hand, and change thy strain,
Change it to a sound of woe;
Ireland's blasted hopes proclaim,
Ireland's endless sufferings show.

Show her fields with blood ensanguined,
With her children's blood bedewed;
Show her desolated plains,
With their murdered bodies strewed.

Mark that hamlet— how it blazes!
Hear the shrieks of horror rise—
See—the fiends prepare their tortures—
See! a tortured victim dies.

Ruin stalks his haggard round,
O'er the plains his banner waves,
Sweeping from her wasted land,
All but tyrants and their slaves.

All but tyrants and their slaves!
Shall they live in Erin's Isle?
O'er her martyred patriots' graves,
Shall Oppression's minions smile?

Erin's sons, awake!—awake!
Oh! too long, too long, you sleep;
Awake! arise! your fetters break,
Nor let your country bleed and weep.

THE EXILE.

Ah! where is now my peaceful cot,
Ah! where my happy home?
No peaceful cot, alas! is mine,
An exile now I roam

Far from my country I am driven,
A wanderer sent from thee;
But still my constant prayer to heaven,
Shall be to make thee free.

ERIN'S CALL

Brothers, rise!—your country calls;
Let us gain her rights, or die;
In her cause who nobly falls,
Decked with brightest wreath shall lie;
And Freedom's genius o'er his bier
Shall place the wreath and drop the tear.

Long by ——'s power opprest,
Groaning long beneath her chain;
——'s ill-used power detest,
Burst her yoke, your rights regain;
The standard raise to liberty,
Ireland! you shall yet be free.

Brothers, march!—march on to glory,
In your country's cause unite;
Freedom's blessings see before you,
Erin's sons for freedom fight;
——'s legions we defy,
We swear to conquer or to die.

The piece given below, entitled "The London Pride and Shamrock" appeared in No. 11 of the *Press*, 21st October, 1797. From the anagrammatic construction of the *nom de plume* —the letters of the name "Trebor" when reversed composing the name "Robert"—and from other internal evidence, Dr. Madden concluded the poem was written by Robert Emmet. He remarks that he was struck with the simplicity, the sombre cast of thought, the ardent enthusiasm which is displayed in these verses:—

THE LONDON PRIDE AND SHAMROCK.

A Fable.

Full many a year, close side by side
A Shamrock grew and London Pride;
Together how they came to grow
I do not care, nor do I know;
But this I know, that overhead
A Laurel cast a wholesome shade.
The Shamrock was of lovely green
In early days as e'er was seen;
And she had many a hardy son
In days of old, but they are gone—
For soon the other's creeping shoots
Did steal themselves round Shamrock's roots;
Then thief-like fastened in her soil,
And sucked the sap of poor Trefoil;
Until in time pert London Pride
Got up so high as quite to hide
Poor Shamrock, who could seldom see
The sun's bright face—nor seen was she,
Save when an adverse blast did blow,
And laid her neighbour's honours low.
Then, in the angry lady's spite,
She drank the shower, she saw the light,
She bath'd her sicklied charms in dew,
And gathered health and strength anew.
She saw those joys had come from Heaven,
And ne'er were by her neighbour given;
Yet, her good nature aye to prove,
She paid her jealous hate with love,
But when once more kind zephyrs came,
And raised the o'ergrown, storm-bent dame,
The ingrate strove her all to take,
And forced poor Shamrock thus to speak:
"Neighbour, we're born with equal right
To feel yon sun and see his light,
T' enjoy the blessings of this earth—
Or if right follows prior birth,
In this still stronger is my claim—
Long was I known, and great my fame
Before the world e'er heard thy name.
But letting all those strong claims lie,
Pray tell me is it policy,
To thwart my offspring as they rise,
To break my heart, to blind their eyes?
Sure if they spread the earth along,
Grow handsome, healthy, stout, and strong,
They will as usual happy be
To lend that useful strength to thee;
Thus would we keep each other warm,
And guard us from all coming harm;
We'd steady stand when wild winds blow,
And laugh in spite of frost and snow,
And guard the root of our loved laurel,
Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel."
"No more!" the vex'd virago cries,
Wild fury flashing from her eyes;
"I'll hear no more—your bounds I'll mark,

And keep you ever in the dark;
Here is a circle—look you here—
One step beyond it, if you dare!
And if I hear you more complain
I'll tear thy rising heart in twain;
I've made thy sons kill one another,
And soon they shall destroy their mother.
I'll thus"—a flash of heavenly fire,
Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire,
Scatter'd the London Pride around;
The black clouds roared with horrid sound
The vivid lightning flashed again,
And laid the laurel on the plain.
But soon succeeds a heavenly calm—
Soft dews descend and show'rs of balm—
The sun shoots forth his kindest ray,
And Shamrock strengthens every day,
And, rais'd by heaven's assistance bland,
Bids fair to spread o'er all the land;
She guards the blasted laurel's roots,
The nurtur'd laurel upward shoots,
And grateful wreathes its dark green boughs,
To grace great Shamrock's aged brows.

MORAL.

Take heed, learn wisdom hence, weak man,
And keep a good friend while you can;
If to your friend you are unkind,
E'en Jove will be against you join'd;
Reflect that every act you do
To strengthen him doth strengthen you;
To serve you he is willing—able—
Two twists will make the strongest cable,
To bind a friend and keep him steady,
To have him e'er in reach and ready.

TREBOR.

Dr. Madden found another remarkable poem with the same signature, "Trebor," of which he had little doubt the writer was Robert Emmet. It appeared in *The Anti-Union* periodical for March 9th, 1799.

HELP FROM HEAVEN.

The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass—the Lord has chastened and corrected me: but he hath not given me over unto death.—Psalm cxviii. 16, 18.

'Twas at the solemn midnight hour,
When minds at ease are sunk in sleep,
But sorrow's sons their wailings pour,
Teaching the woods and wilds to weep;

Beside a lake whose waters black
The pale-eyed moon doth dimly spy,
Scarce peeping o'er a mountain's back,
That rudely lifts its head on high;

Where the wild willows green and dank
Their weeping heads wave to and fro;
And bending reeds upon its bank
Oft kiss the stream that runs below—

There, on a long-fall'n mould'ring mass
An ancient castle's crumbling wall,
That, now grown o'er with weeds and grass,
Was once gay mirth's and beauty's hall.

Ierne, lonely, pale, and sad,
All hapless sighing, sat her down,
And sorrowing mused, till almost mad,
She snatched her harp her cares to drown.

Now wildly waved her auburn hair
In the unheeded blast that blew;
Fixed were her eyes in deep despair,
Whilst o'er the strings her fingers flew.

The sounds, at first so loud and wild,
Now slowly softened on the ear;
And e'en the savage blast grew mild,
Such soothing sounds well pleased to hear.

Her druids' ghosts around her throng—
For ling'ring still, tho' seldom seen,
They fondly flit the oaks among,
And haunt the grove for ever green;

And list'ning fairies troop around,
Whilst high upon the ivied tow'r,
The long-haired banshees catch the sound
And wrapt, forget their crying hour.

For, in the saddest, softest strain,
She wail'd the woes of Erin's land—
Ah! wretched Erin, rent in twain
By some curs'd demon's hellish hand,

That aye inflames with deadly rage
Sons against sons in foulest fight,
And youth to murder hoary age,
In nature's and in reason's spite.

The cottage now she sings in flames,
Now the injur'd maiden dying,
And now the burning baby's screams
To its mother's bosom flying:

Ah! luckless mother, vain you shed
Thy tears or blood thy babe to save,
For lo! poor soul, thy baby's dead,
And now thy breast must be it's grave,

Thy breast of life where, as it slept,
Thy song-sooth'd cherub oft would start;
Then heav'd it's little sighs, and wept—
Sad signs that rack'd thy boding heart.

The thought too deep Ierne stung—
She started frantic from her seat,
Her silver harp deep thrilling rung,
Neglected, falling at her feet.

Nor silver harp Ierne cheers,
Nor the bright starry studded skies;
The light of Heaven's unseen through tears—
The sweetest sound's unheard through sighs.

The withered shamrock from her breast,
Scorch'd with her burning sighs, she threw,
And the dark, deadly yew she pressed,
Cold dripping with unhallow'd dew.

"Here, here," she cries, "unseen I'll dwell,
Here hopeless lay my tearful head,
And fairies nightly in this cell
Shall strew my dew-cold leafy bed."

Then down she sinks with grief oppress'd,
Her saffron sleeve thrown o'er her face,
And soft-wing'd sleep lights on her breast,
And soothes its heavings into peace.

But ah! too soon, fell Discord's cries
Borne on an eastern breeze's wings,
Rude sweep her harp, that downward lies,
And moan amongst its trembling strings.

Scared with a sound he did not know,
Peace-loving sleep dared not to stay,
But, sighing for Ierne's woe,
He bent his noiseless flight away.

Ierne, starting, paused awhile:
"Too true," she cries, "ye powers above!
Dread Discord comes from that fair isle
Where still I looked for peace and love."

Thought-rapt she stood in dumb amaze,
When, on the western mountain's height,
To sounds seraphic, rose a blaze
Of mildly-beaming heavenly light.

There in the midst, loose-rob'd, was seen
Sweet Hope, that soothes our ev'ry ill,
Beck'ning with calm and smiling mien
Poor, sad Ierne up the hill.

The woe-begone thus Hope address'd;
"Lift up thy looks, Ierne, cheer!
For know we come at heaven's behest
To soothe thy sorrow, check thy fear.

"Thy cares, thy dangers soon shall cease,
Thy days of tears and sighs are gone,
Thy foulest feuds shall turn to peace—
Thus shall the will of heav'n be done,

"Pluck from thy breast that yew away—
Be steady, cool, collected, calm;
So shalt thou soon a wreath display
Of shamrock woven with the palm."

Words so bland, as dew descending
Lifts the drooping lily's head,
Rais'd the fair Ierne bending
Fairest flow'r in Nature's bed.

"My fervent thanks, high heav'n," she cries,
"Be ever, ever given to thee;
Thou'st chas'd my sorrow, tears, and sighs—
Thou'st sent me HOPE and LIBERTY."

TREBOR.

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